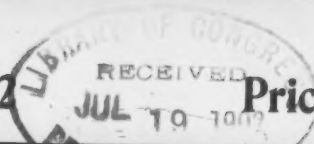


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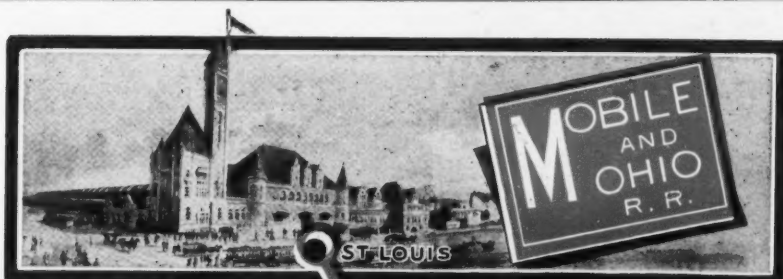
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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REFLECTIONS.

Missouri a Doubtful State

MISSOURI Democrats will have to fight their hardest to save the State next November. The Republicans are tying up with the Populists in all sections, and with the municipal ownership men in the cities. There is intense Democratic dissatisfaction under the surface. There is a revolt against Governor Dockery and a revolt of the working Democrats against Mayor Wells in St. Louis. The corporations will not "cough" for the Democrats this year. They have been turned down too hard and soaked too severely by legislation and taxation. Those who have been putting up funds in the past are not going to do so now. It is, therefore, probable that without funds the Democrats will lose cities like St. Louis and Kansas City, by votes heavy enough to swing the State into the Republican column. The swell wards in St. Louis are not going to save the Democratic ticket. Those are not the wards that elected Mr. Wells Mayor. The work was done in the down town wards, the leaders in which cannot get a smell of the spoils, and those leaders will not do work of that sort again. The fact is plain that certain boss elements in the local Democracy will shut off the contributions from the corporations and will knife the ticket everywhere in order to discredit the St. Louis leader, Mr. Hawes. The Republicans will probably name municipal ownership candidates for all the minor offices and thus capture all the strength that showed in Mr. Meriwether's great vote for Mayor. The MIRROR warns the Democracy of St. Louis and Missouri, that they are up against the toughest fight of their lives. The Democracy cannot win under the old leadership. They need a new man, a resourceful man, an able man, a young man who can enthuse the party and soothe the disaffected and give potency to the organization. Some one is needed to organize and lead against the Republicans in the State as the fight has recently been led in this city. Governor Dockery had better find the man, or he will be the last Democratic Governor of Missouri; the corporations and the free silverites will surely get his scalp. This State is a doubtful State to-day. Democratic brains may retain the State. Republican brains may capture it. And as goes Missouri this year National politics will be shaped up for 1904.

Fatal Friendship

It was a great surprise to many people that the Democratic judicial convention refused to renominate Judge Sherwood for the Supreme Bench after thirty years of service. But there should be no surprise. In the first place, the known railroad lobbyists were at the convention working for the venerable jurist's candidacy and, in the second place, Judge Sherwood had been openly supported by the St. Louis Republic. Men have been known to survive the support of the lobby in Democratic conventions in this State, but no man who ever incurred the friendship of the Republic has been known to survive it politically.

The Ship-Subsidy Fallacy

THE staple argument of advocates of ship-subsidies is that our merchant-marine has dwindled away because our Government does not subsidize it. Some misguided Britishers are laboring under the same hallucination. A few days ago, Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, declared in Parliament that "Great Britain has fallen behind in regard to vessels of high speed, because she has not given heavy subsidies like other nations." He did not deign to give details. Neither did he make any comments on the fact that the French merchant-marine, in spite of

its being heavily subsidized, is "up" neither to the German nor English merchant-marine. Lord Selborne evidently had German ships in mind, when he made his *ex cathedra* assertion. It is a fact well known that Germany has far outstripped England in the construction of high-speed vessels. But the German government pays considerably less in subsidies than the British. To steamship companies running to New York and employing the fastest steamers in their service, both the British and German governments pay on postal contracts. The former pays seventy-five cents per pound for first-class mail, which, last year, amounted to about \$575,000, while the latter pays the International Postal Union rate of about forty-four cents per pound on first-class matter. In the last year, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, the two great German lines received less than \$174,000. If subsidy-advocates can find any grain of comfort in these figures, they are welcome to it. But they will have to give the American people more convincing proof of the efficacy of subsidies in building up a merchant-marine before they will be allowed to have their way. Considering the cheapness and abundance of raw material on this side, and the high standard of our skilled labor, we should be able to build and to maintain a merchant-marine that would surpass the combined European fleets in every way. If the German marine is so much faster, larger and better than ours, or that of any other country, there must be other and more cogent reasons for it, and those reasons will probably be a complete refutation of the statements of our subsidy-people. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American lines are flourishing because they furnish the best service and avail themselves of the highest modern engineering skill in constructing and running their vessels. They never stand in a suppliant attitude before the German government, piteously begging for financial aid. They attend to business, and try to increase it by proper, independent methods. And that is, in the last analysis, the only way to signal and permanent success. Republicans are opposed to the income tax, because it is class legislation. Yet could there be any worse form of class legislation than the paying of bounties to a few favored steamship lines? We have had enough of this paternalism in Congress. Let our steamship lines hustle for themselves, like every other self-respecting American citizen, firm or corporation. Let them enter the lists of competition. They should be able to hold their own, without drawing fat checks from the Federal Treasury every year.

Burdening the President

THAT our Presidents are busy men has been known for a long time. And their duties are being multiplied right along; in fact, they are multiplied too much, and with too little regard for the personal comfort and health of the Chief Executive. Congress has given repeated evidence of a strong disposition to shirk its duties, or to refuse to act on its own responsibilities in matters of the greatest importance. As the San Francisco Argonaut well says: "Congress has discovered that the easiest way out of any difficulty is to shift the burden upon the President." Some weeks ago, an attempt was made to have the President act as arbitrator in the anthracite coal strike. It seems as if people were possessed of the idea that the President is to be regarded as a fatherly Khalifa, with nothing else to do but settle disputes between corporations and individuals, or complete jobs which Congress evaded or left unfinished. We do not elect a President to perform tasks of that kind. His duties are well defined by the Constitution. He does not enact laws; he simply executes them. In legislative matters he can only give advice. To entrust him with anything more than the execution of laws or the maintenance

of diplomatic relations with foreign nations is a departure from the practice of earlier times. What has the President to do with labor disputes? He has no more interest in them than any private citizen. In recent times, President Roosevelt has been obliged to act in various controversies. He was appealed to in the Sampson-Schley and the Root-Miles cases. The Panama-Nicaragua Canal matter has been dumped at the White House door. The Cuban business may have to be settled ultimately through the instrumentality of the Chief Magistrate. All these things could have been adjusted in a different manner. There was no necessity for bothering the President, and for placing him in awkward positions. In view of such a multiplication of onerous, exacting duties, it is no wonder that few of our Presidents escape from the White House without ruined health. We can hardly form an intelligent idea of the mass of work that President Roosevelt has to wrestle with. There are general public affairs; diplomatic and social duties; political calls, office-seekers, all of which have to be attended to properly and promptly. And what an army of almost intolerable, grinding, wearying bores of all sorts he has to put up with! Verily, there is no fun in being President. His is "an outward honor for an inward toil." All this, suggests the question: Why is it that our Vice-President is not taken out of the Senate, where he is nothing but a cipher, anyway, and entrusted with a share of the President's duties? He certainly should be able to do something else than count votes and mark time in the Senate, even if the framers of the Constitution did not think so. This matter is worth the most serious consideration. The precedent of leaving so many important matters to the President is a bad one. It concentrates too much power in the Executive. It gives him more power than is possessed by many a monarch. The bestowal of power upon the Executive in such a manner as has recently come into fashion in Washington is dangerous. It may some day produce the dictator that has been prophesied by those peculiar statesmen who are always "seeing things."

W. J. B.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN hasn't said anything to stir up the animals for at least five days. He must not lapse into dumbness. If he can't do any better, let him "say Zu-Zu to the grocer man."

The Infant Industry

A WRITER in the Boston *Transcript* is seeing visions of an overthrow of the original American Republic by European barbarians, a repetition of the history of Rome. The native American race, he says, is dying out, because its birth-rate is falling off. The Europeans that come over here are, on the other hand, very prolific. And we have so many of them already that the doomed race cannot be saved. Even immigration-restrictions will fail to arrest the onward march of manifest destiny. This seems to be another hare and rabbit problem. The aristocratic hare is becoming too indolent to propagate himself any further; the plebeian rabbit, on the other hand, is still swayed by strong natural instincts, and, vulgar thing that he is, does nothing else but multiply. Our Boston friend has touched upon a most serious matter, a matter that overshadows everything else that has lately been occupying the public mind. We refuse to be scared, however; we still believe that something can be done to save the "native American" from the doom of extinction and oblivion. Yet, what shall we do? Shall we tax bachelors, male and female, until they plunge, headlong, into the yawning abyss of marriage? Or shall we make prolific couples exempt from taxation, or decorate them with medals? We want to know what we can do in the premises. All along we have been told that a "native American" can do anything and everything. If that is really so, he should have the stuff in him to reproduce himself, to increase and multiply. It should be a matter of patriotism with him to be married and to have as many children as possible. We hope to see scien-

tists take the matter up and make a thorough study of it and save the race. National conventions and Congress should also bestir themselves. We cannot allow ourselves to be swamped by these vulgar Europeans. Perhaps Congress might be induced to provide for a Department of Propagation of the Native American Race, or, to enact, under the "general welfare" clause, strict penal laws, compelling every able-bodied male and female, of native American blood, with proper age-limits, including Indians, taxed and untaxed, to mate within a reasonable length of time, under threat of imprisonment and forfeitures. Legislation of this kind would be the real thing, and go far towards assuring the continued supremacy of the native over the foreigner. If the Republican party wishes to achieve a brilliant victory, let it espouse the cause of propagation of the "American native." It might, by doing so, fasten more firmly upon the country its distinctive doctrine as to trade and manufacture. It would have a walk-over. Every decent American would rally to the cry: "Protect our native infant industry."

Only Five

THE latest issue of the *World's Fair Bulletin* contained only five photographs of the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Some one has been "a recreant to his trust." The official organ of the Fair should never, in any account, contain less than eleven portraits of D. R. Francis.

Forecasting Trouble

GERMAN financiers have a poor opinion of the future of Morgan's steamship combine. They are distinctly pessimistic about it. And this in spite of the fact that the leading German lines have made arrangements with the combination. A prominent financier, who is supposed to be close to one of the big German trans-Atlantic lines, has inspired the publication of an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in which it is shown that Morgan's trust will have to earn about twenty-five dollars per ton yearly on its tonnage of 700,000 tons, in order to earn five per cent on its capitalization, after allowing only five per cent for depreciation. The article also states that the two great German lines, with a somewhat larger aggregate tonnage, have been able, for several years past, to earn only about twelve dollars and fifty cents per ton, and every well-informed person knows that they have been exceedingly well-managed, and enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. English financiers are equally pessimistic about Morgan's achievement in the realm of Neptune. Of course, they cannot be considered strictly impartial critics in the premises. Still, such an unanimity of expert opinion abroad deserves some attention.

Kipling

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has recovered his grip upon himself, after his descent to politico-poetical pamphleteering during the Boer war. If you don't believe it, you must read his cat story in a recent issue of a monthly periodical. Kipling the literary man and Kipling the politician are two persons very different and far apart.

Chinese Collapse

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of the July installment of the Chinese indemnity to the Powers. For the first time in her history, the ancient empire has committed an act of bankruptcy. And why? Because silver has depreciated. When the Boxer uprising had been suppressed, and order restored, the Chinese Government promised to pay an indemnity of 450,000,000 Haikwen taels. At that time, the Haikwen tael was worth 75 cents in gold. Since then, the tael has dropped to about 60 cents, owing to the depreciation in the value of silver. The Powers, with the only exception of the United States, insist upon payment at the rate of exchange between gold and silver prevailing at the time of the signing of the pro-

ocol. If China could be compelled, to comply with the demands of European powers, its burden would be increased by about 90,000,000 taels more. China asserts that the protocol did not provide for payment in gold. She was not responsible for the fall in the value of silver, and the demands of the Powers are, therefore, highly unjust and in the nature of a premeditated hold-up. The Chinese government is laboring under many and very harassing difficulties at the present time, and it should be the aim of European nations not to increase them. Besides this, it is well known that a few of the European governments were allowed more than they expended, and they could, therefore, afford to be less exacting and less harsh in their demands. The Washington authorities have done well in this controversy. They should continue their efforts to try to bring the Europeans around to a different and more liberal view of the matter. To squeeze the last cent out of a much afflicted people, under the above related circumstances, would be worse than an outrage—it would be a blunder. It may revive the Boxers.

Old Missouri

ACCORDING to the census report, issued last week, on agriculture in Missouri, for the census year 1900, the total value of farm property within the State was \$1,033,121,897. Live stock was valued at \$160,540,000. The total value of farm products, for 1899, was \$219,296,000, or about \$110,000,000 in excess of that of 1889. This is an increase of 100 per cent. The gross farm income of the State for 1899 was \$161,344,000. These are big figures. They do not bear out the oft-repeated assertion that Missouri is a moss-back commonwealth. Missouri's agricultural interests are well up to the front. There is no State in the Union that has more prosperity. There is no place in the Union offering a better field for investment. Missouri is bigger and better than her politics.

Bank Depositors' Duties

THE banking community, and all persons doing business with banks, will be interested in a late decision of the New York Court of Appeals in a case involving depositors' duties in their relations with banks. The case decided was that of a New York business-house, whose confidential clerk had victimized it for a period of over two years by a systematic raising of checks and appropriating the excess to his own use. He had charge of the books and had been accredited to the bank as the firm's representative. During the time of his manipulating the checks, the deposit book of the firm was written up twelve times, and the vouchers in the shape of paid checks were returned. When the defalcation was discovered, the firm brought suit against the bank for the amount of losses on raised checks. The lower court decided in favor of the firm, but its decision was reversed in the Court of Appeals. Under the ruling of the higher court, it is the duty of depositors to verify balances and to examine vouchers returned and to give notice, within a reasonable time, of any discrepancies that may be found. This is good law, conforming to demands of changed business conditions. There were some old decisions of New York courts which upheld the liability of banks in cases of this kind, but they have been set aside by the Court of Appeals' latest decision. A rule requiring depositors to exercise at least ordinary care, or as much care as they would exercise in the usual care of their business, is not open to criticism. The law has always refused to help out the person of careless, slothful habits.

A Sort of Chivalry

THERE is too much of a certain kind of chivalry in Missouri. A few days ago, Rhodes Clay, a brilliant young lawyer and politician, was shot to death in a street fight in the town of Mexico. A few days before that, Fleetwood Gordon, a talented young lawyer and writer, stabbed a man to death, in Columbia, in a dispute about a bill. The idea of going armed and of being ready so kill at the slightest provoca-

The Mirror

tion has thus destroyed one life that might have been useful to the State and its people, while it has blasted another life that gave promise of high performance. Public sentiment in Missouri should be aroused by the incidents referred to, and that sentiment should be directed to the suppression of the murderous chivalry to which only too many of the bravest and brightest and best of the young men of the South and Southwest are annually sacrificed.

The Boycott

LABOR troubles have created a topsy-turvy state of affairs in some Indiana counties. Everything has been put out of joint. Former friends are at outs and no longer on speaking terms; church congregations are splitting up; business firms are closing their establishments as victims of prolonged boycotts; relatives are quarreling among themselves, and jails are filling up. The principal cause of all this hubbub and bedlam condition of things is a strike resulting from a trivial dispute between the Terre Haute street railway and its employees, in which the Central Labor Union took a hand. As usual, in controversies of this kind, everybody that did not follow the behests of the Union was boycotted. Mills, factories, dry goods houses, grocery stores, barber shops and lumber yards, all had to suffer in consequence of the tyrannical, dictatorial attitude of the Union. Lists were sent out to different counties giving the names of boycotted firms and individuals, and asking miners not to buy from local firms that received goods from Terre Haute jobbing houses. As some of the local merchants refused to buckle under, they, too, were blacklisted, and so the boycott continued to extend itself into districts which did not have the least interest in the Terre Haute strike. Matters grew worse and worse; spies were everywhere, and everybody was being closely watched. No one could take a street car to Terre Haute without being seen and reported to headquarters, the consequence being an order from the Union prohibiting everybody from dealing with the offender. A merchant who lived at Brazil missed his train at Terre Haute, one afternoon, and went home on the interurban. His customers, being mainly miners, ceased to trade with him. The milkman who delivered milk to him was ordered to refrain from doing so, and when he refused to comply, the miners' families ceased to buy from him. The boycott extended even into schools and churches. Children were taken out of school, because they were sitting next to the sons and daughters of boycotted individuals. Drummers from other cities, who, in ignorance of the troubles, rode on street cars, also had to suffer. Union men followed them wherever they went, and ordered merchants to stop giving orders to the thoughtless, innocent *voyageurs*. When a certain well-known preacher declared that the prevailing condition of affairs was a disgrace, and insisted upon an enforcement of the laws, he was, *presto*, threatened with bodily harm, and he and his church were added to the boycott list. Things, at last, became so badly mixed that the original cause of all the trouble was lost sight of, and the street car company began to run its cars again on schedule time and without interference of any kind. It seems that the intolerable confusion and utterly unreasonable and unjust methods adopted by the Central Labor Union at last revolted the public mind, and goaded it into asserting itself and into riding rough-shod over Union grievances and demands. The merchants organized against the boycotters and then the strike died of inanition. As a prominent merchant said, "when the Unions undertake to say to friends of labor that they must do certain things under penalty of some sort, public sentiment will not uphold the Unions." Labor Unions hurt themselves only by laying down rules and making demands that would cause a Russian moujik to rise in rebellion. They should know that we are not living in Morocco or Wadai, and that, as Americans, we will never bow to the dictates of any one man, or any set of men, not representing us, who proceed to act as self-constituted authorities. To uphold the rights of the laboring man is one thing, but to make those rights an excuse for throwing organized human society into chaos is

quite another thing. Because Jones demands more wages from Smith, is no reason why Brown should be barred from dealing with, or talking to, Smith. Let Jones and Smith settle their differences among themselves in an orderly, seemly manner. If they cannot arrive at an agreement in the usual way, and if the law has provided for an adjustment of cases of this kind, let them resort to the law, or arbitration. But as long as the public has not seen fit to enact legislation applicable to labor-disputes, Labor Unions have not the shadow of a right to resort to force (and a boycott is implied, if not actual, force,) to obtain redress. The American people do not care to be "bluffed," or bulldozed. They like fair play, law and order.

Watch Out

HAS anyone heard any sound coming from the point of the compass where Arthur Pue Gorman is located? Nay, nay! Mr. Gorman is smiling and holding his jaw, while Bryan, Hill, Cleveland and others claw one another to pieces. Yet Gorman will not be the Presidential nominee of the Democracy. He's entirely too "slick" to suit either the regulars or the reorganizers. If there's to be a straddle on the platform, watch out for David R. Francis, President of the St. Louis World's Fair.

The White Plague.

THE surgeon's instruments are now being used in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. According to the *Medical Record*, a lately-adopted plan is the injection of nitrogen into the pleural cavity of the side chosen first for treatment, in cases where both lungs are involved. The lung is thereby collapsed and partly compressed by its own resiliency. The compression reduces the size of any cavities that may be present, and, also, to a large extent, the blood supply. The physiological activity of the affected part is also diminished. Definitely favorable results have not, as yet, been reported, although the treatment has caused a decrease in fever and expectoration, as well as a slight gain in weight. This is, to say the least, encouraging news. Surgery will, unquestionably, have to play a most important role in the treatment of cases of this kind, although there has been, all along, a strong disposition not to invoke its aid, the operation being regarded as too delicate and dangerous. It may be that the curative effects of surgery will, eventually, be more efficacious than all the methods pursued by Koch and other German and French authorities. Some time ago, Koch announced that the germ of tuberculosis could not be transmitted from cattle to human beings. Since then, Professor Emil von Behring, according to *Harper's Weekly*, has informed the Berlin Academy of Sciences that the results of his own investigations have convinced him that tuberculosis in man and cattle and other animals, is one and the same thing, and produced by the same germ, but that the disease-bearing germ, in passing from man to cattle, or from cattle to man, is altered. Professor Behring has also been successful in inoculating very young animals, and in obtaining from them an anti-toxin serum. Attempts at inoculation have, heretofore, been unsuccessful. Modern science is evidently making a strong and very promising effort to reduce the ravages of the "white plague."

The Bible

THE National Educational Association favors reading and study of the Bible in the public schools. The idea is folly. There can be no reading or studying of the Bible in the public schools without entanglements as to creed. The Bible cannot be studied without being explained. It cannot be explained without supporting or attacking some dogmatic interpretations. The Bible cannot be regarded for school purposes as purely literature. The various religionists think that the Bible is only incidentally literature. The churches think that the purely literary view of the Bible is in derogation of its religious value. The schools of all the people cannot take up the Bible without making for social strife and disturbance. The National Educational Associ-

ation, and the public schools generally, must let the Bible alone. It is too bad for literature that this is so; but peace and the absence of fanaticism are of more worth than the literary strength that comes from familiarity with the Bible.

Christian Science

STUNNING statistics show a marvelous growth of Christian Science. One would think that there would have been an end of the cultus that denies death after an event like the eruption of Mont Pelee, but faith of the sort the Christian Scientists hold, simply removes mountains like Pelee by insisting that there isn't any such thing. There's something sublimely fatuous in a creed that can say there is neither death nor pain in the face of the annihilation of a whole city or the sudden smothering of hundreds in the Johnstown mine.

Happy Days in Kansas

SOME years ago, Kansas farmers used to raise hell, instead of crops. That was when they had "Rump Parliaments" at Topeka, when sockless Jerry Simpson, angular and acid J. J. Ingalls and bewhiskered Pfeffer befuddled hayseeds' brains with specious arguments about the rights of labor and the abuses of capital. Gosh! What a time Kansas used to have in the first half of the last decade. And what a change has supervened since! All the great Apostles of Discontent have disappeared from the wide plains, and there is none that would care to recall them. Breezy, sockless Jerry himself seems to have recanted, to have become a renegade, and, like a second Diocletian, after his short, fitful fever of political life, is raising cabbages and cultivating literature somewhere in the neighborhood of Medicine Lodge. Poor, bleeding Kansas is a thing of the past. It is now prosperous, golden Kansas, where everybody that has the proper stuff in him is getting along well and opening a bank account, where optimism has become a State fixture and Populism the badge of the Hobo. Drought played havoc with Kansas corn last year, but failed to make any perceptible impression on the cheerful, thrifty, active Kansas farmer. The lesson of the past twelve years has not been lost. The agriculturist has made the most of the experience he gathered in the school of adversity. He has been taught that he is the master of his own fortune; that it was not in his stars, but in himself that he was an underling; that rainbow-chasing is a waste of time and effort; that the proper use of brawn and of an average amount of healthy brain is better than attending ululating gatherings of the Prophets of Misery. The Kansas farmer does not bother much about politics these days; he is too busy for that. He is raising crops and cattle, buying carpets and pianos and taking "flyers" to large cities and "blowing himself" right merrily. He is perusing stock and grain quotations and speculating on his judgment. He is reading up on scientific farming, on the irrigation problem, on the merits of alfalfa and analyzing export prospects. He has money in the bank, and is anxious to invest and use it properly. According to a recent dispatch from Reno County, Kansas, money is so plentiful there that it requires the extraordinary use of mandamus proceedings to compel people to accept it. A township of that county has bonds outstanding which it is anxious to redeem. It is offering advantageous terms to holders of the bonds, but they refuse to part with them. They do not want their money back. They have more money than they have use for at present. It was different during the Simpson-Ingalls-Pfeffer age of troubles. Then Kansas bonds could be had on the bargain-counter; holders were anxious to sell them at any old price, and interest rates were hanging around the 10 per cent level. To-day, any respectable Kansas county can get all the money it wants at 4 or 4½ per cent. The City of Topeka has 3½ per cent bonds outstanding which sell at good quotations. It is no wonder that Bryan spell-binders have taken to the sagebrush. They risk their lives in trying to convince the Kansas farmer that this prosperity is all nonsensical fiction; that Kansas is still "bleeding;" that

the Eastern blood-sucker is still getting the best of the prairie farmer; that wheat would be selling at \$2 per bushel, if we only had free silver, and that the advance in the price of corn from 20 to 65 cents a bushel is more than offset by the enhanced prices of commodities. Such arguments do not "go" with Kansas farmers now. They know that the gold standard has benefited them, and they know, also, that the less they worry about politics the better they will be off. Plain arithmetic is better than theories. The farmer who raises 2,000 bushels of corn now, and sells it at 65 cents a bushel, is \$900 richer than he was during the Bryan era, when the golden ears were being used as fuel and were too cheap for him to go to the trouble of gathering them in. Prosperity is a great teacher and civilizer. Of course, it is the inevitable rebound from intense depression, and will not last indefinitely. But it makes us all wiser and clearer in thought. It dispels fallacies and teaches us to rely more on facts than on theories. And it makes for growth of confidence in the country's future. The days of discontent and adversity had their use, too. They made us realize the strength and stability of our political institutions, and convinced us that immensely popular fancies are not "immortal" and "divine" principles. They have demonstrated the tremendous recuperative power of our financial and economic mechanism.

"Don't be a clam," is the motto at Oyster Bay.

Exit Salisbury

THE resignation of Lord Salisbury causes no surprise. He had been contemplating stepping out of the Cabinet ever since the death of his wife. Age and general weariness of office are the principal reasons for his final exit from the political stage. Taking everything into consideration he has played his part well and earned the unstinted gratitude and plaudits of his countrymen. He has proved a true representative of the noble House of Cecil, which has rendered such distinguished services to the Crown, through hundreds of years of British history. Lord Salisbury has been a great statesman. His faults were few and of minor consequence. His qualities of mind and heart were of the best and noblest. His was no slap-dash statesmanship; there was nothing of the flamboyant or dazzling about him. "Decorative politics" he eschewed and abhorred. His diplomacy was vastly different from that of the manufacturer-parvenu, Chamberlain. There can be no doubt that, on various occasions, Salisbury was not in accord with the policies of Chamberlain, although, of course, partly responsible for them. Bismarck once referred to Salisbury as "the wooden lath, painted to look like iron." There was some truth in this. The British statesman was disposed, at times, to be too lenient and too fearful of consequences. But that was only when vital questions were not involved. When the honor and future of Great Britain were at stake, Lord Salisbury was as inflexible, as strong-willed and as unrelenting as the Iron Chancellor ever was. *Vide the Fashoda affair.* His irrepressible cynicism, carried through life, from the days when he was a slasher on the *Saturday Review*, stood him in good stead. It saved him from an over-indulgence in sentimentalism, from chasing chimeras, from having too much faith in the words and pledges of individuals and governments. Notwithstanding his fondness for philosophical speculations, he had a peculiar and strongly developed, instinctive faculty of looking at the substance, and not at the shadow, of things. This it was that chiefly constituted his cynicism. He never lost confidence in the greatness and future of his country. The "magic charm" of the vast empire never lost its hold on him. When his countrymen stood aghast and wavered, when the news of the crushing defeats at Magersfontein, Colenso and Spion Kop arrived in London, the Premier clung to his cynical hopes and simply remarked that "the British will muddle through somehow." And they did "muddle through," although only after a disappointingly protracted and humiliating struggle of two and a half years. Lord Salis-

bury lent quiet dignity and an air of aristocratic complacency to the Cabinet in which Chamberlain played such a prominent, if cretinous, role. His achievements were not brilliant, but neither were they, nor will they be, of temporary duration. Intense patriotism and strict devotion to duty and the interests of his country were the leading characteristics of Lord Salisbury. His only aim of statesmanship was—England and the Empire. His nephew-successor, Arthur Balfour, is an experienced and well-trained diplomat and statesman, of strong intellectuality and very conservative, though progressive views. He will continue the policies of Lord Salisbury, and repress the over zealous, and often indiscreet Manchesterian in the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour is both a scholar and a politician. His work, "The Foundations of Belief," established his reputation as an original thinker and philosopher. He is a confirmed golfiac and a felicitous essayist. Under his guidance, the British ship of State will not be led into dangerous waters. While he lacks the aggressiveness and pugnacity of Chamberlain, he is much the better man of the two for the great position of British Premier. And even the most cantankerous of the Irish members like him while they lambast him. The resignation of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is probably due to his chronic disagreement with the views of Chamberlain. Sir Michael was a statesman of the old type, very conservative in every way, and loth to deviate from ancient landmarks. His ideas regarding a Federated Empire and a Colonial Zollverein were in direct opposition to those of Chamberlain. His administration of the finances of the country was able and efficient. The change in the leadership and personnel of the British cabinet will provoke no disturbance, and no anxiety, either at home or abroad. The times when such changes provoked radical departures in national and foreign policies and kept the financial world on the ragged edge for months and months, are, happily, past.

The Friars

GOVERNOR GENERAL TAFT'S negotiations with the Vatican are lengthening out, but the Pope's representatives must, finally, come to an acceptance of absolute separation of Church and State. The negotiations with Rome are mere politeness. This country can deport the friars if it sees fit, if they are inimical to peace and order. They are not objected to as friars but as public enemies, and their properties are to be taken for the people because they have been stolen from the people and used to establish a serfdom in the islands. The friars must go, gracefully, if possible, forcibly, if necessary.

Rattled Republicans

THE Republicans are sorely perplexed these days. It is amusing to see them trying to wriggle out of serious and vexing predicaments. Republican leaders still proclaim that everything is "straight," but they are not sincere. They know that their party is badly split on the questions of reciprocity and protection. The discussions about Cuban concessions have demonstrated growing disagreements. So far as protection is concerned, the conviction is growing, even in orthodox circles, that duties will have to be lowered before a great while, if foreign markets are to be retained or enlarged. William McKinley's Buffalo speech sounded the key-note of Liberal Republicanism. Chairman Babcock's efforts to remove duties on steel products, though futile, were also a pregnant sign of the times and of a change in sentiment. Protection is only favored by sectional feeling. This is proved by the recent announcement of Senator Warren, of Wyoming, that attempts at a removal of duties on hides would lead to bitter resentment in his section of the country, and would induce Western Republicans to vote for the abolition of the entire protective system. Massachusetts is in favor of free hides, and would be greatly benefited by a removal of duties. Wyoming, on the other hand, has a cattle industry and finds protection highly profitable. Rather than consent to free hides, Wyoming and the West will prefer to

knock the whole protective system into a cocked hat. The opposition to concessions to Cuba rested, likewise, on sectional feeling and interests. The beet-sugar people would not support any measures looking toward a lowering of duties on Cuban sugar. They make lots of money out of their beet-sugar industry and could easily afford to be liberal to struggling Cuba. But, no, they want everything for themselves, and as much as they can get. *A las Cuba* and Cuban concessions. Protection must be upheld, because there is profit in it, for some of us. If 75,000,000 of American people want a beet-sugar industry, controlled by a few hundred capitalists, let them be taxed. They have no right to grumble. Yet, in the Republican National platform, of 1896, there was a certain plank, reading as follows: "We believe the repeal of the reciprocity arrangements, negotiated by the late Republican administration, was a national calamity, and we demand their renewal and extension on such terms as will equalize our trade with other nations, remove the restrictions which now obstruct the sale of American products in the ports of other countries, and secure enlarged markets for the products of our farms, forests and factories. Protection and reciprocity are twin measures of Republican policy and go hand in hand. Democratic rule has recklessly struck down both, and both must be re-established." After a lapse of six years, what have the Republicans done? Reciprocity treaties are sleeping in Congressional pigeon-holes, and everybody that declares himself in favor of reciprocity and a more liberal policy is anathematized and branded as a traitor to his party. A protection measure has been enacted into law, but that is all that has been done. William McKinley's appeal for reciprocity has fallen on deaf ears. President Roosevelt has made enemies because he is in favor of reciprocity concessions. And yet there is a dim consciousness, even among the privates in the rear-ranks, that something has to be done and that the tariff has to be revised. And it is this consciousness which has led to the introduction of a new scheme, embodying a double tariff, maximum and minimum duties, which, as the *New York Journal of Commerce* well says, "is retaliation, instead of reciprocity." Under this new plan, it is proposed to raise duties in retaliation for increases by other nations, to take nothing from present rates of duty, but to increase them whenever a foreign nation remains stubborn and will not grant us its best terms. Such propositions are absurd, idiotic, suicidal. They would lead to the erection of Chinese walls between us and countries the policies of which might be regarded as detrimental to our interests. Republicans will have to try something else, something along the lines laid down by William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Green

WITH the change of the hue of the United States Army uniform, the National melody will have to be changed to "The Wearing of the Green."

Criticism of Calvary

IN response to a paragraph in last week's issue of the *MIRROR*, criticising the management of Calvary Cemetery, certain members of the Board of Directors of that institution have made representations which necessitate some modification of the harsher aspersions upon that body. These members say that one reason why the cemetery is not more extensively kept in repair is, because the Board, by its constitution, is compelled to devote the greater part of its proceeds to the support of the Catholic orphans—surely a splendid explanation. Furthermore, the Association has recently made a great addition to its area and is paying for that. Again, the directors say they have done considerable work in the way of improvements and they specify it with particularity. The *MIRROR* is fair in its criticisms, and so it cheerfully admits that its strictures upon the Calvary management were somewhat over-strenuous. On the other hand, a certain element in the Board, even while grieved at the severity with which they were taken to task, admit that the criticism was, in a sense, timely. Calvary Ceme-

tery has needed more attention and more conveniences for the living who go there to attend to the graves of their dead. It has needed a general straightening up and especially in the older part of the grounds where decay and dilapidation are very much in evidence. The cemetery is not well supplied with water for sprinkling flowers. While no one would have the orphans deprived of support from the cemetery revenues, the relatives of those who are buried in Calvary have some rights in the property and one of those rights is that the place shall be well kept. A cemetery is a quasi public institution, and it ranks almost with public parks as an attraction in a city, and, therefore, it should be maintained in a manner creditable to the persons whose friends are buried within its boundaries. The revenues for the orphans are important beyond estimate, but the feelings of the living relatives of the Calvary dead are not altogether unimportant, and some consideration, more, at least, than has been shown in the past, must be shown for the desire of lot-owners that the cemetery be made more creditable in appearance than it has been for many years. The lot-owners are sharers in the enterprise. The Board of Directors, needless to say, get no personal benefit from their services. Some of them are backward in the matter of improving the property, but the MIRROR's criticism has revealed the fact that there is an element in the Board heartily in favor of making the Cemetery the beauty spot it ought to be. While it is only just that the MIRROR should repudiate the intimation that any member of the management profits by his place, it is only fair to the MIRROR itself to say, that since last week the editor has received a hundred letters and a dozen personal visits from Calvary lot-owners, testifying that the criticism of the Association was timely and in accord with general opinion.

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Pertinent Queries

THE eminently wise and respectable gentlemen of the Public Welfare Association, who framed the Charter Amendments for us, had better come forward and explain how it is that the Barber Asphalt Company acquires such a cinch in the new street-reconstruction contracts. And how is it that the great Trust Companies are not taking the tax bills as collateral from city contractors for street work, as the Trust Companies said they would. The St. Louis contractor seems to be shut out of all city reconstruction work by the tax bill system. And the Barber Asphalt Company, in its own name and under several corporate disguises, is getting all the good contracts at most satisfactory figures. The citizens get the worst of the new arrangement as to tax bills and the charter amendments, at that, are of very questionable legality, if the MIRROR's lawyer informants upon such matters are not at fault.

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Native Wine

SURPRISE is often expressed that the United States makes, comparatively, such a poor showing in the matter of wine production. Considering the vastness of our territory, the variety of our climate and soil, and the enterprise of our agricultural communities, one should naturally expect the grape industry to occupy a prominent place in our trade reports and statistics. California wines have become famous and are even exported to foreign countries, but other States, with soil and climate well adapted to successful vine-culture, are conspicuous by their absence from statistical tables, or make a most disappointing showing as to results. The United States should be well up to the front in the production of wines, and the Agricultural Department at Washington should give the matter its earnest and constant attention. Our native vine is a hardy, robust plant, and foreign varieties grafted upon it have produced most astonishing and highly satisfactory results. Take, for instance, the Catawba grape. It is an indigenous variety, its native home being the banks of the Catawba River, in North Carolina. Catawba vineyards, of great extent, may be seen in various parts of Ohio and New York. Growers of the grape make large profits, their product being used

very extensively in the manufacture of champagne. This native variety could, undoubtedly, be grown with splendid results in many other sections of the United States. According to the New York Evening Post, New York and Ohio still hold first place in Eastern wine production. But New England was the birth place of the native wine industry. Massachusetts, at one time, had large vineyards, but abandoned them later on, when foreign competition became too strong. In 1810, Rhode Island was leading the list of States in wine production, while Pennsylvania was a close second. Connecticut was also devoting attention to grape vines in the beginning of the last century. At present, California is the largest wine-producer in the United States. As the New York paper says, "this is the only State where foreign grapes have been successfully raised; all through the States east of the Rocky Mountains, the great dependence has been upon the native varieties. California owes its advancement in this field to the Jesuit fathers who went there from Spain, through Mexico, bringing with them what came to be known as the Mission grape, because, though imported originally from the old country, they had passed it along from mission to mission over here. The fathers liked it because the wine made from it bore some resemblance to the red wine of Castile." When the Spaniards were driven out of power in Mexico, both missions and vineyards fell into a State of utter decay. When Americans assumed control, California was wildly agitated by gold discoveries, and so they continued to neglect the abandoned vineyards, until the invention of a method of maturing grapes without irrigation by a simple stirring of the soil around the roots of the vine. This aroused considerable interest; the legislature authorized the sending of experts abroad, and fourteen hundred additional foreign varieties were introduced into California. In 1900, the wine production of that State was valued at almost \$4,000,000. According to expert opinion, there are many excellent locations for grape-culture in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Missouri is producing wines, and some of the best wines ever made in the United States, but on a very small scale, in the region about Hermann and Washington on the Missouri river. It should, and undoubtedly will, make a much better record before a great while. The same general statement is true of Northern Arkansas where there are several vineyards of importance. The progressive farmers of the West and Southwest should take this matter up and study it intelligently. There is big money in vineyards, if properly attended to. There are many hill ranges unadapted to the cultivation of grains, but furnishing excellent soil for the enterprising, wide awake wine-grower. There are millions in the cultivation of the grape in the Southwest.

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Square Baseball

VIRTUE does seem to be a little of its own reward. The crowds at the recent ball games at Sportsman's park testify the friendship of the people of St. Louis for the ball players who are not contract-jumpers. Those ball players put up a clean game of ball. They play without any indecent snarling or kicking. They improve steadily in their work and though prophesied tail-enders at the beginning of the season, are giving splendid battle to the best clubs in their league. All of which is gratifying to this community. The people of St. Louis like to see big crowds patronizing the Robinson park. The Robinsons spent a mint of money reviving base-ball. They paid fine salaries to men who responded by laying down on the management at the end of last season and playing to lose and then jumped their contracts, leaving the Robinsons almost without a club at the opening of this season. It is but retribution upon the contract-jumpers that the Robinson team should forge ahead and stand first in public favor while the former star players who broke their word and bond are steadily deteriorating in the quality of their work. The Robinsons and their men deserve patronage, not only because of the attempt made by the muckers to throw the

Robinsons down, but because of the brilliant games that the "kids" have been putting up for some time past. The public does well to keep away from the contract-jumpers, especially as most of them have been playing "rotten" ball since they welched on their word. Base ball is a fine sport and it must be kept square. The public must keep it square. Therefore, it is pleasant to see the public still faithful to the players who keep faith.

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Right Racing

AS with base-ball, so with racing. The public has been liberal in its patronage of the sport of kings as here conducted under the auspices of the Adler-Cella-Tilles combination. One must go far back in memory to recall a time when local racing was more free from criticism than at present. There is absolutely no complaint from the patrons as to the quality of the running or the fairness of the judges. The horse-loving public is ready to "roar" at a very slight deviation from what it deems the straight line, but under the present local management there is so little complaint that the harmony may almost be said to be monotonous. This has always been a square town, and it is to be hoped that it will always have square sport, at least such sport as will be permitted by the city's zealous Circuit Attorney.

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Regulating Grain Elevators

NEXT Monday there will be a vote of the Merchants' Exchange upon certain proposed changes in the rules of that body. The most important of the changes proposed has reference to the regulation of grain elevators, and to this proposed change there is influential if interested objection. The change in the rules on this subject is simply designed to give the Board of Directors actual, instead of merely nominal, control of elevators, that is, of regular elevators. At present, an elevator is regular if it can make delivery both by rail and river. If an elevator is regular its receipts for grain pass current as money on the floor of the Exchange and are recognized as equivalent to money by the banks. Questions have arisen as to the responsibility of the elevators and warehouses that have been declared regular. Under present rules, the Board of Directors of the Merchants' Exchange have practically no supervision of the elevators and warehouses; in other words, the elevators and warehouses give nothing in the way of supervisory power in return for the Exchange's favor of declaring them regular and making their receipts as good as money. It is even declared now that the Board of Directors has no right to declare any elevator irregular for any act, after the elevator has once been declared regular. This is an absurdity on its face. Besides all this, the elevators in East St. Louis operate under the Illinois law, while those in this city operate under the Missouri law, and the laws are often not only dissimilar but conflicting, and, therefore, the Merchants' Exchange should have the power to make the elevators in the two States work in harmony, so far as the Exchange is concerned, by establishing rules and requirements for all their dealings with members of the Exchange. The elevators should not be beyond the control of the institution that gives value to their receipts. A great proportion of trading on 'Change is based on regular warehouse receipts for grain, which, in turn, are made the basis of loans through the various banks, and thus anything which tends in the slightest manner to create doubt as to the grade of grain called for on these receipts is of vital interest to those engaged in the grain trade, banking institutions, and, in fact, to all the business interests of this city. The Merchants' Exchange only wants to protect itself against the possibility of doubt as to the worth of the receipts it stamps with approval. The Board of Directors want to make rules and regulations for elevators and warehouses, where now, practically, none exist. The Exchange wants the elevator and warehouse managers or owners to give bond to the Exchange for compliance with the rules and regulations. The Exchange wants the present rules changed so that the Board of Directors can, for cause, de-

clare any elevator that has been regular to be irregular. There is a fight against the proposed amendment, but it seems to be a fight in behalf of possible lawlessness and chicane and trickery which the changed rule would prevent. The St. Louis Merchants' Exchange should control the elevators and warehouses, just as Chicago does; and that is all the change in the rules means. If the rule is changed, Chicago cannot dump No. 3 wheat, inspected as No. 2, on East St. Louis elevators, under the Illinois law, and use the receipts for No. 2 wheat to enforce collection of No. 2 prices for No. 3 wheat. The Merchants' Exchange should have power to fine or forfeit the bonds or declare irregular any elevator or warehouse detected in trickery, especially when the Merchants' Exchange compels its members to accept elevator receipts at their face value. The amendment to Rule VIII should be adopted by a handsome majority at next Monday's election.

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Outlaws

THIS country is never happy unless it has an outlaw hero on its mind. Just now it is Harry Tracey whose deeds of derring-do are elaborated in the papers. A short time ago, it was Pat Crowe, the kidnapper. Further back, it was the Hatfields, of Kentucky, and still further back, Willie Tascott, the Chicago murderer. We must have our ideals of desperadoes, even as of old the British had Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin and the French had their Cortouche, and as the Italians of to-day have their Mussolino. There's something in humanity that responds to the spectacle of a man of crime pitting his skill and courage against all the forces of the law. To that extent we are all somewhat anarchistic, but the sentiment is only good while the outlaw is uncaptured. When he is caught it vanishes, and so, generally, does he, by way of the rope.

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Financial Swindles

ANOTHER "get-rich-quick" concern has "busted" in Chicago. Suckerdom has again been badly hit; hundreds of thousands of dollars are said to have been lost. It is a repetition of the old story of people who entrust their money to somebody promising 5 per cent interest every week. In spite of all that has been said, written and heard, about confidence games of this kind, there are still many poor, credulous fools who fall victims to them. The present era, with its wild craze for speculation, is particularly productive of swindling schemes. The papers are full of advertisements of persons and companies who pledge themselves to make others rich on the payment of a small sum of money; who declare to have special information about certain speculative deals, or certain infallible methods of getting rich in no time. That these advertisements are generously responded to cannot be doubted. The bait of quick, large gains is too strong for uninformed human cupidity. People who can be beguiled with such schemes do not reason. If they did, they would not invest. They would know that it is impossible to pay 200 or 300 per cent on any investment. Any intelligent man ought to know that high interest rates and safety of investment cannot go together. One excludes the other. If anybody promises to pay ten dollars on one hundred dollars every week, he may be safely put down as a rascal, or as an idiot. The average confidence-man can easily be detected. His methods are always the same. They uniformly consist in a promise to pay big profits, on a small sum, within a short time. And he will flourish as long as there are people with legerdemain notions about the use and production of money.

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Nothing in It

GREAT excitement in St. Louis over a proposed ordinance for a third bridge across the Mississippi and for vast levee terminals! Does the Santa Fe road want to come into St. Louis? Does the present terminal trust want to gobble up all the levee? Don't know. But this everybody knows: the ordinance will not pass. It cannot pass in any shape satisfactory to the promoters. It cannot

be hoodled through, because hoodling is temporarily dangerous in this burg. The ordinance amounts to nothing as it stands. It is a bluff either by or at the Terminal Association. And the best proof of the bluff in it is the prominence in the scheme of Mr. Edward F. Goltra, close business associate of Mayor Wells and one of his campaign managers. The daily papers are spreading upon the subject, but the more they spread the more the scheme looks like a dizzy financial dream, under present circumstances and conditions.

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ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

BY JOHN H. KAFTERY.

ARCHBISHOP PATRICK A. FEEHAN, who died at three o'clock, last Saturday afternoon, was the least famous of all the great personages who made and ruled the destinies of the Roman church during the two centuries of its progress in America. In politics, in controversy, in great public movements, in historic pageant-tries, in the epochal episodes of his half-century career as priest, pastor, bishop and metropolitan he was never a shining figure in the public eye. Ruler of the second most populous see in the United States, of the first in point of size and significance, he yet escaped any and all of that meretricious prominence which none of the great churchmen of his day and rank have been able to evade.

In this, as in many other aspects of his singularly perfect life, Archbishop Feehan was "old-fashioned." He had none of the brilliant audacity and princely diplomacy of Archbishop Ireland; none of the majestic sternness and dictatorial force of Corrigan; none of the luminous intellectual intensity and benign asceticism of Kenrick; none of the brilliant, imaginative, almost passionate eloquence of Ryan, of Philadelphia. The protege and disciple of Kenrick, he did not emulate the masterly activities of that famed scholastic and theologian in the councils and teachings of his church. He contributed little or nothing to the literary or controversial riches of Roman Catholicism. He never delivered a famous sermon nor, by stroke of pen or word of mouth, incurred the ephemeral plaudits of either publicist or public.

Lacking in all of those striking gifts which have made for the temporal eminence of so many of his ecclesiastical contemporaries, Feehan transcended them all in three qualities which cannot be measured by the small standards of popular appreciation. In wise and unstudied humility; in calm, confident and yet wholly simple spirituality; in a loving tenderness for all humanity which, in its incessant and intense manifestation, in its unutterable gentleness, and in its exquisite unselfishness, made of him the beau ideal of all priesthood, transfiguring his whole character with a glory beside which the pomp of princes and the meteoric brilliance of mere intellectual achievements seem small and cheap indeed.

In arriving at a fair measurement of his official efficiency it must be remembered that he came to the archiepiscopal chair of a new diocese at a time when its principal and most populous parishes were disorganized, embarrassed and impoverished by the great Chicago fire; in no place in the Roman Catholic world were there so many racial, social and even political difficulties with which to contend. The envies and misunderstandings of a polyglot priesthood and population, the unsettled condition of a community just at the threshold of a growth without parallel in the history of the world, the chaotic condition of administrative and legislative affairs in the diocese, all conspired to make the task of the newcomer, herculean, complicated, baffling. He was no skilled manipulator of men. He knew and cared for none of the fine tricks of the practiced diplomat. He did not see in his priests and people so many puppets to be aligned by the pull of a wire and drilled by the tap of a bell. He did not set jealous rivals to watch one another, nor played one against another in the politic manner of the so-called "masters of men." He did not

threaten, nor thunder, nor tyrannize. He did not beg, nor cajole, nor yield one iota of his intrinsic authority. But he won; won men, and communities, and hard conditions, and adamant prejudices, and selfish cabals—won them all over to his own good purpose by the sheer tenderness of his mighty heart.

The signs manual of his intense love are all that he has left to mark the passed fields of his gentle activities. In St. Louis, during the Civil War, his house, his church and his benefits were all devoted to the wounded, the sick, the destitute. In the performance of his duty towards his fellow man he knew neither caste nor creed. The St. Vincent de Paul society, so well fostered by Archbishop Kenrick, was founded by Father Feehan. When cholera raged in St. Louis he preached and prayed but little, for his days were spent ministering to the sick poor, to the blighted victims no matter of what sect or race, to the orphans of the plague. Instead of spouting in perfumed aloofness about "the visitation of Divine wrath," he lived in the midst of the deadly squalor, wiping the black vomit from the lips of friendless, dying men and women; nourishing the weak; cheering the despairing; burying the dead.

After a dozen years of single-hearted devotion to his work as a priest, he was called to the bishopric of Nashville. Such preferment must have loomed big in the widening career of the gentle, young priest. But he declined the honor because his mother was old and ill and needed him. When she died he responded to the renewed demands for his constructive leadership in the Tennessee diocese, in which, at that time, there were but three remaining priests. The Civil War had scattered pastors, decimated parishes and bankrupted the church. But the fame of his radiant kindness brought him ardent, loyal priests from all parts of the world; his winsome personality and indefatigable industry rehabilitated missions, augmented congregations and won, without commanding, the countenance and co-operation of all classes, all factions and all faiths. When the yellow fever fell upon Nashville like a pestilential net, Bishop Feehan summoned his small army of priests, not for a prayerful beleaguering of heaven, but to do battle, hand to hand and face to face with the baleful specter that had already frightened every clerical Nancy in Nashville to flight. He bathed the blistering brows of saint and sinner with his own cool, fearless hands; he let air and light and clear water into the reeking warrens of the stricken poor; he toiled through the foetid nights, a man transfigured by his own resistless love for men, a majestic presence fit to cope with Death; he spent his money for ice instead of masses; he gave more baths than baptisms; he prayed in deeds, and his acts invoked the mercy of his God; he took the children from the festering city and led them into the fields and forests, and kept them there in the air and sunlight, till the fever had spent its venom. Thirty of his priests perished about him, leal to the task which he had set them to do, but his great soul did not falter, his splendid vigor did not wane.

All prophecies, uttered at the time of his induction into the Chicago archdiocese, forecasting his failure to reconcile the discordant elements and maintain the peace and fair fame of his new diocese, have come to naught. His administration has been the mystery of the American hierarchy. He has leaned upon none of his more famous contemporaries. He has neither asked nor needed any help from Pope, propaganda or papal ablegate in managing the affairs of his see. Recalcitrant priests, undisciplined subordinates, racial animosities, virulent scandals, ominous cliques, clerical chicanery, financial difficulties and the thousand other ills that beset every diocese have not been rare in his experience. He has encountered and surmounted them all, calmly, graciously, effectively. Now that he is dead, not a trace of harshness, obliquity, injustice or scandal is left to mar the spotless luster of his sanctified ceremonies. Princely only in the incomparable potency of affection; subtle only in the irresistible winsomeness of his personality; dominant wholly by the sweet compulsion of a prodigal and unquestioning tenderness,

Archbishop Feehan was not only the head, he was the heart of his priests and people.

During the recent scandalous uproar about the Crowley case, the one edifying, noble influence apparent at all times, was the tranquil, high-poised, almost wistfully gentle charity of the aged and enfeebled prelate. He would never believe that even the worst of his priests was wholly bad. The fear of wounding him has always been the chief deterrent among the more boisterous, thoughtless clerics of the younger set. To please him has been the most prized guerdon among his priests. To betray him, or cheat him, or dishonor his confidence has been in this diocese synonymous with ultimate and most monstrous depravity. Of his priests he exacted little more than the performance of the supreme duty, "to be good priests," and they have responded in the fine spirit of loyal, true-blue men as well as in the higher, but rarer impulse, of spiritual discipline.

In his choice of Father McGavick, rather than in the later accession of Father Muldoon to the auxilliary bishopric, will be found the true expression of Archbishop Feehan's predilections as to his successor. Bishop McGavick is much the same manner of man as was Feehan in his earlier days, a paragon of priests, gentle, generous, loyal, loving, inspired with a sane and sanguine piety, aware of virtue's slightest manifestations, but patient with, and perhaps a little blind to, the frailties of humanity. But Bishop McGavick's health has been so frail that the business of the diocese last winter compelled the installation of a young and vigorous assistant. The failing metropolitan, guided by the counselors whom he had made as the children of his house, then choose Father Muldoon and that virile young personage was consecrated a few months ago and will now succeed to the temporary administration of affairs, without the right of succession and with little reason to hope that he will be the choice of his compeers, the irremovable rectors, to succeed to the crozier and pallium of the gentle Feehan. In that he is young and vigorous perhaps Bishop Muldoon has been the right man in the right place. In that he lacks most, if not all, of the salient characteristics of his late diocesan, it is not easy to believe that he could fill the high, wide place, or sustain the noble atmosphere of almost divine charity with which Archbishop Feehan invested the now vacant chair.

FUTILE PHILOSOPHY.

BY THOMAS J. BRITT.

ON reading the last chapter of Herbert Spencer's book, "Facts and Comments," entitled "Ultimate Questions," one is impressed with the futility of the life-work of a great man, and questions naturally arise. Has he said or done anything conducive to the benefit of mankind? Is the world any better for his having lived? Has the mentality of the race been uplifted by anything he has said or written? Has the working of his mighty brain, through long years of study and research, produced anything that tends to make men happier, to nerve them to their daily tasks, or to make their lives more beautiful?

To the writer of this article, the picture presented by this gifted man, standing upon the brink of the Great Unknown, with the one thought uppermost in his mind that the end is very near, and that end, perhaps, nothingness, is truly pathetic. He may look with pity upon the superstitious reverence of the little mother, in her declining years, sitting beside her hearth with her Bible on her lap, gathering the sweetest solace earth can know from the, to her, inspired pages; but is not he, with all his worldly wisdom, all his greater learning, unsupported by her simple faith, shrinking, at life's ending, from the blow that shall hurl him to oblivion, an object more pitiable?

Having abandoned the idea of an after-life, save the conclusion which the savage draws from the notion suggested by dreams, Mr. Spencer is no nearer a solution of the great enigma of existence than was the original savage

who first conceived the thought. And this desire for immortality, so universal and entertained by every class and condition of man, is no more unreasonable, no more impossible of attainment, no more at variance with common sense and modern science, than is the idea that the mentality of "man is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination, whose elements at death lapse into the Infinite and Eternal Energy whence they were derived."

Concerning both the outer and the inner world, the same unanswerable questions are forced upon the Christian and Agnostic. Each sees around him a system of order and beauty controlled by a power that transcends his comprehension. The astronomer penetrates the upper air, counts the stars, discovers their size, determines their distances and explains the order of their revolutions. The ordinary man notes the return of the seasons, with the unfolding of bud and blossom, the ripening grain waving in the fields, the maturing fruits, the growth and development of animal life, each unable to explain the origin or the ultimate. The Christian concretes his mode of terms for expressing that which he cannot explain, to "God" and "Soul." The Agnostic indulges in abstract phrases of "Great Enigma," "Eternal Energy," the "Why," the "Which" and the "Wherefore." Neither, so far as one can see, has much advantage of the other in the choice of expression. The Christian condenses his belief into a simple faith in God, and a firm hope of immortality; the Agnostic gropes blindly among the material things which surround him in search of something he does not expect to find, and trembles at the thought of the dissolution that shall bring him to nothingness.

The question occurs: which cult is of the greater benefit to mankind? Could the belief entertained by Mr. Spencer, and enunciated in his writings, produce that quality in man which wins the approval of his fellow man? Is it of a kind that would transform a human being, under stress of circumstances or in great crises, into the hero, willing to sacrifice everything he holds dear, even life itself, to benefit his fellows? Note the effect produced upon the entire country by the simple, trusting faith of President McKinley in his last hours upon earth, his firm belief in God, his unyielding hope of immortality. His last words "Thy will be done," impressed Christian and Agnostic alike, at least for the time being, with his sincerity. All classes stood with bowed heads, business and pleasure being suspended at the time of his funeral, and lips unused to utter sacred themes, sang, reverentially, "Nearer My God to Thee." Think, also, of the utterances of General Garfield, at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, when the angry populace was surging in a maelstrom of passion, quelling the turgid stream with "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!" Could anything in the writings of Spencer produce effects such as these?

To the ordinary man, the value of a thought or cult is its effect upon the community in general. Mr. Spencer has wandered through the realms of space seeking for the unknowable. He has started at a point, described a circle, and now, arriving at his starting point, confesses that he has added nothing to the common stock of knowledge and information. He has lived his life; promulgated his theory, and now stands at the brink of—he knows not what. Is the world any better for his having lived?

The simple teachings of the Nazarene, believed in by so large a majority of the people of the civilized world of the present day, may not be so abstruse and thought-producing, but they teach a doctrine that meets the needs of the people. That doctrine is love. Individuals and communities alike acknowledge its elevating power. And "God is Love."

The practice of the tenets of Christianity tends to make better men and women. It induces to the cultivation of the virtues of patience and forbearance, the thought of consideration for others and the building of the home and the community. It implants trust and faith and affection in

the breasts of husband and wife, and considerate care in the rearing of children. It makes men honest in their dealings with their fellow-man. It helps them to a conscientiousness in all the relations of life. It proves an aid to virtue, and prop and support in meeting the vicissitudes of life. It is a sustaining power in life, and a consolation at the approach of death. It has proved a safeguard against temptation and a solace in pain.

Let those who will wander in the mazes of skepticism, seeking to solve infinity and comprehend the illimitability of time and space, to penetrate the mysteries of existence, which, if penetrated, would only lead to still more transcendent mysteries; but to the honest seeker after truth, to him who wishes but to aid his fellowman, to live a life that, at its end, shall have proved a benison to mankind, the tenets of Christianity seem all-sufficient. The other is but wasted energy.

THE MISSION OF EVIL.

BY BOLTON HALL.

"YOU tempt men to sin," said I to the Devil.
"Not so," said the Devil to me. "Men desire the apples of Sodom, which I give to them, that by eating they may find them filled with ashes."
"You are a bad paymaster," said I to the Devil.
"I am no paymaster," said the Devil to me, "for it is written they shall eat of the fruit of their own way; I but take care that they do."
"You trouble the world," said I to the Devil.
"Nay, I am the left hand of God," said the Devil to me.

New York Independent.

MORGAN AS A WORLD-POWER.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE expected has happened. J. P. Morgan has become recognized as a world-power. He has been taken into the family of nations. Hereafter he will be a factor to be reckoned with in international political affairs. His offer of British ships (forming part of the steamship combine) to Downing street, to be used in case of war, has stirred up a hornets' nest.

French fear and ire have been aroused by this movement. The Quai d'Orsay believes that the offer represents hostility to France, and that Morgan has arrived at a secret, diplomatic understanding with Lord Salisbury and William the Sudden. There have been mysterious conferences at Kiel. Morgan is quoted as saying that William II is a great man. This may be regarded as damning evidence. If Morgan has been guilty of such a remark, then he must, indeed, have world-stirring designs in his head.

The next news will be that Morgan sends letters to the German autocrat and King Edward, addressing them as "cousin." There must be "something doing," undoubtedly. After cruising around in the North Sea, and then entering the harbor of Kiel with his squadron, Morgan hobnobbed with William, and allowed the latter to admire his flamboyant, facial promontory. We can easily imagine what took place at the historic meetings on board Morgan's yacht, now that the cat has been let out of the bag by the announcement that Morgan made warlike arrangements with Great Britain. No other results could have been expected from *pourparlers* between two such mighty persons. A century hence, historians will record the Kiel *entente* as the most important event of twentieth century history, as the date of the beginning of France's downfall, and of the advent of a new world-power.

The fathers of our American Republic warned us against entering into entangling alliances with foreign nations, but Morgan does not care a rap for that. If you

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remind him of such things, he will tell you that the fathers did not know what they were talking about. Besides he is acting for himself. Wonder if the United States Government will dare to interfere in Morgan's plans, and timidly call his attention to the fact that he is, nominally, at least, still an American citizen!

Morgan is really a great man; he is greater than most of us believed him to be all along. His mind and plans begin to overshadow the whole world. He is possessed of the qualities of a Bonaparte and a—Morgan. There is none like him. William II must have looked with awe and admiration upon the great American. Perhaps he thought "if I had his untold millions, wouldn't I do a thing to some of my jealous 'friends?' This grunting Caesar of finance should prove a valuable ally. I am going to try to capture him." What, we may ask, were Morgan's thoughts at the same time? Undoubtedly he saw the chance of a lifetime. William, taking everything into consideration, knows a thing or two. He is a fine press-agent; he should make good advertising for Morgan, and be able to herald, trumpet-tongued, the birth of a new epoch in the politics of the world. That settled it. And so the pact was sealed. To cement the vows of friendship and alliance, Morgan promised his imperial "cousin" to stir up things in France by offering a few of his old ships to Joseph Chamberlain. France was getting to be entirely too gay over her alliance with the Muscovite. She had to be brought back to her senses, and could there be anything more efficacious as a mental restorer than the flaunting of an Anglo-German-Morgan alliance? William approved and, straightway, Morgan signalized the formation of the first, new Triple Alliance of the Twentieth Century by cabling his offer of ships to London. Downing street, of course, was delighted; it recognized the fine, Italian hand of Morgan; his sagacious diplomacy; his delicate Talleyrand intuition; his unprecedented grasp of the trend of affairs. And so Joe proposed three cheers and a tiger for John Bull, and sent an acceptance of Morgan's portentous generosity. Salisbury, it is to be supposed, "set them up for the boys," and, for the nonce, forgot his philosophical cogitations and the weariness of the duties of his job.

France, alert, vigilant, smelled the battle afar off. It instinctively realized that a new, great danger confronted her, and that Morgan's alliance was fraught with dark designs upon her existence and independence. M. Lockroy, a former French Minister of Marine, is said to have remarked that "Morgan was developing into a disturber of the peace of Europe." It is to be expected that diplomatic relations with Morgan will soon be broken off; that Morgan ambassadors and French ambassadors will exchange notes, and that France will, finally, present an ultimatum. The ultimatum will probably consist in a demand that Morgan take the French steamship lines into his combine and that he pay about two hundred per cent more than the ships are worth.

The belief in an Anglo-German-Morgan *entente* is still further strengthened by late news that Morgan is trying to put the Sultan on his feet financially. The Ottoman debt is to be converted, and Morgan has the best chance to be entrusted with this important financial operation. Wonder if he will make as much out of it as he did out of the United States Steel Company! Of course, Emperor William acted as intermediary between the Sultan and Morgan, and assured Abdul that he would be in the hands of his friends. After a while, the Moslem will swear by Morgan's nose, and Bedouin children will tell each other fairy-tales about the great man from the West, whom Allah has blessed with millions of shining gold. However, let Abdul beware of Morgan and Morgan commissions. Morgan is a "dear" friend.

We should be thankful to Morgan for injecting some novelty into international politics. Things were getting entirely too stale. After returning from his eventful trip, Morgan will probably establish his court in Wall street, or somewhere on the Hudson. His will be an *imperium in imperio*. The Washington Government will include, but not rule, the Morgan Government. What a vista of political

excitement and political changes has been opened up to our mind's eye!

But what is to become of our trusts? Is Morgan going to neglect them, one and all? Wall street has some anxiety about this, but there is no misgiving in the mind of the wayfaring man. Morgan's Government is founded on, and maintained by, trusts. His world-power will last as long as his trusts hold out. It would, therefore, be illogical to expect him to render his creations fatherless. He is a kind and faithful father. He will be more energetic than ever in protecting his trust-empire, and in extorting taxes from his subjects in the shape of twenty-five per cent commissions.

THE CORONATION THAT FAILED.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

THE fourth week of June, 1902, will not soon be forgotten of London or the countless visitors then within its gates. The pictures and the pathos of that week are unique in history.

We all know how, for months past, a million interests had been focusing upon the coming coronation of Edward VII of England. But only those who actually spent the month of June in London realize the vastness of the expectation, the magnitude of the energy expending upon the intended celebration. Each day saw the town more crowded, the original outlines of the main thoroughfares more changed by scaffolding and bunting, the holiday air more conspicuous. Gradually Piccadilly, St. James' and Pall Mall, became unrecognizable alleys between flags and devices in brilliant hues; gradually the Strand, with its churchly islands, became a sea of seats wherefrom to view the procession. The National Gallery and the Nelson monument became mere backgrounds to grandstands as large as those at Morris Park race track or the baseball grounds. Rotten Row, the glory of which had wonderfully revived this season, grew cosmopolitan, as it had never been before. Not only was it the place where the prominent people rode in the forenoon, and the fashionable ones strolled; not only could you see Sir Charles Dilke there as jaunty as if no scandal had ever been, or Lord Lonsdale, typical of the sporting peer, or the Duke of Portland, proud in possession of one of the handsomest wives, and the best distance race-horse (William The Third) in England. You could also see the quaint garbs of Orientals from Asia and Africa, and the gawkiness of provincials, English and American. Dusky Kings in silk and golden turbans, some riding with a grace equalled only by our American Indians, jostled country cousins who had come, as all the world was doing, to London for the coronation. In the afternoon, when Queen Alexandra was wont to take her drive in the Park, the crush at Hyde Park Corner was simply phenomenal. From the Marble Arch to Albert Gate, the lawns were brilliant with the gowns of the folk sitting in the penny chairs to view the carriage folk. After months of rain, the sun at last, with Ascot week, began to be in residence in London. Each day added to the brilliance of the streets in and near the processional route. To many of us this part of the West End became familiar, by day and by night. It is curious, typical of the vanity of human calculation, to think that what was seen then, the decorations by day, the experimental illuminations by night, were all that will ever be seen of what might have been the greatest pageant in the history of the world. Many of us, appalled at the exactions of the speculators in seats, made a point of seeing this gaily garbed London as fully as possible before the actual processional days arrived. Starting from Hyde Park Corner and Apsley House, Piccadilly, with its score or more of aristocratic clubs, was, of course, a gorgeous spectacle. Where the street is widest, opposite the Park Lane exodus, an archway was building. This, and all the banners and flowered festoons, strung from thousands of poles along the streets, were decorated in the red, white and green that Italian artisans were somewhat incongruously using as their chief color scheme. Turning out of Piccadilly into St.

James', the clash of colors, Turkey-red predominating, became tremendous; whole houses were as sheets of flame and blue and gold. Here, in Pall Mall, along Cockspur street with its foreign-banks and steamship offices, from the Carlton Hotel to Northumberland avenue and Morley's, the banners waved and the devices fluttered until the eye tired in noting them. Here were a huge "E" and "A;" here an "E. R.;" here a "Vivat Rex;" everywhere a "Long Live The King."

And those signs glimmering into the starlit London nights of late June remained the only witnesses of the glory that was to have been; remained witnesses and became vocative of pathos. For it was those signs that, for tragically sombre reasons, were to be spared to the millions who had come to see Edward VII crowned. When it became a question as to whether, in view of the King's crisis, a general illumination of London, as per plan, would not be a meaningless mockery, the authorities answered, with devotional inspiration, "All such devices as 'God Save The King!' may be illuminated." But how different was the meaning of the words now!

It is useless to point out again the unexpectedness of the tragedy that was to blight London and the British Empire. But one may mention that however much one realized the hazards connected with the coronation as a business enterprise, one never for a moment thought of the hazard. So long had one been soaked and chilled by rain that one's main anxiety concerned the weather. If one had bought seats to view the procession one hoped for sunshine; if one had not hoped the crowd on the morning of the 27th would not be too thick to prevent one reaching the route, and picking up cheap, perhaps, the unsold seats. And now, as I write, there is such perfect weather as only an English June can fashion in a rare mood of kindness, yet there has been no coronation, and the carpenters are destroying the benches none have used, the decorators are putting away the flags that knew only the wing-touch of the Angel of Death. Shopkeepers who had invested in elaborate stands upon their premises now face bankruptcy; provincials and Londoners attempt a holiday that is no holiday; all is blank and bitter. Every out-going train is crowded. Vigil is kept daily and nightly at the gates of Buckingham Palace; the laborer and the fashionable are shoulder to shoulder in eagerness to see the newest bulletin.

The shock of the surprise is still too vivid. One cannot easily think of the splendid King one saw at the Trooping of the Colors, a few weeks ago, and realize that Fate refused to troop her colors for him. Many are the occasions on which the man in the street has been able to obtain sight of Edward VII during the season now closing. Without any effort or intention I, for instance, was constantly seeing him in his closed brougham, notably at Epsom, on Derby Day, and driving through Leicester Square to Daly's Theater one evening not long ago. But it was not until I had seen him on horseback, on his official birthday, that I realized him as actually an imposing person. In a carriage he has something of a squat appearance. Mr. Luke Fildes' official portrait of him in the coronation robes is lithographic and nothing more; almost any other portrait in this year's Academy outshines it in artistic value. But when he rode down the Mall, that day of the trooping of the colors, in his uniform of the Irish Guards, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught on either side of him, he loomed upon the view as a big man, in every sense of the word. There were many notabilities in that troop, including Earl Roberts and many a prince of India, yet the British King towered among them all. One saw a man in the prime, apparently, of middle age, with fine, strong outlined nose—not pudgy, as so many portraits show—quick eyes, clear skin, a graying beard. The shoulders and all the body, from the saddle up massive and bulky. He rode admirably, chatting smilingly, the while his hand moved constantly to the salute in acknowledgment of the cheers that rang down the Mall. Yet at that very moment he was, perhaps, suffering agonies from the disease that was upon him. Whatever

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faults of self-indulgence Edward VII of England may have committed, this one splendid show of fortitude cannot be denied him; the manner in which he tried, to the last, to conceal the ill he suffered from, the nobility with which, at all hazard, he strove to keep faith with his people and the assembled Empire, saying, "operation or no operation, I can't disappoint them; I must get to the Abbey," is surely a something memorable and marking him as one not out of harmony with the great captains of modern men the world over.

The King's absence from Ascot did not alarm London. One comforted oneself with the assurance that he was taking no chances; he was using his week at Windsor to gain entire refreshment from the fatigues of past weeks and build himself up to endure the coronation duties. Not even those who saw his entry from Windsor by train to Paddington and thence by carriage through Hyde Park to Buckingham Palace, were in any way prepared for the shock of twenty-four hours later; he was pale, but nothing more.

And now? All is with fate. One waits in bewilderment. The town tries to go upon its old ways and make feeble efforts at holidays that are no holidays. The thousands of folk from the provinces and from abroad stayed on in London despite the catastrophe to the King; they were come upon a holiday, and the decorations and illuminations might still be seen though their meaning was gone. The streets were still crowded beyond precedent or recognition. Londoners themselves hurried away to seaside, to the hills, or to the Continent, but no impression was made by their exodus. Country clothes and country curiosity everywhere. Americans at every corner. I met Chauncey Depew, sleek and shrewd looking as ever, in Waterloo Place, and lesser folk everywhere. Beside the great topic of the hour, many cognate affairs were discussed wherever people assembled. There was the huge wail of despair from the London shopkeepers, also that from the many who had bought seats, without stipulating for a refund in the event of no procession taking place, and the lesser, but even more widespread indignation at the action of the omnibus companies in doubling and trebling their fares. Americans who had paid the Northumberland avenue hotels quadruple rates and been forced to book rooms for not less than a fortnight were cursing fate and London. The shopkeepers were too bewildered even to curse; they only just had wit enough to cancel all the closing arrangements and keep open on the 26th and 27th for such trade as the concourse of provincials and foreigners might bring. The weather,

meanwhile, smiled with confounding irony. Upon a town where all was confusion and anxiety, there shone, for what should have been the coronation days, a sun almost American in its brazen splendor. A dry heat, with plentiful dust, astonished London. Not a cloud hung anywhere in the sky, yet all London waited in the Valley of the Shadow.

To estimate the extent of this catastrophe, merely in its commercial aspects, is practically impossible. Such caterers as Benoist, of Piccadilly, and the Lyons Co., prepared to feed coronation thousands, would lose but slightly, since the crowds remained vast enough and, instead of being cooped up on stands, were able to move about freely. The Lyons Co. has revived the fortunes of the Trocadero restaurant, by the way, which, as is not generally remembered, is upon the site of the once notorious Argyll Rooms. Shopkeepers who invested in stands outside their premises are, however, terribly hit. As great losses as any, are those of the illustrated periodicals, especially the weeklies. *The Graphic's* loss is counted at £2,000 alone, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sphere* and *Black and White* are all in the same case. The coronation numbers, prepared at huge expense, are not only a mockery, but actually unsaleable.

Perhaps, in view of the still critical condition of the King, it is in dangerous taste to say that there are offsetting comforts even in this general consternation. But since there seems every human chance that there will yet, later in the year, be a coronation, though a much quieter, simpler one, one may say that some relief may be heard here and there that the frightful crowding and blocked traffic of the 26th and 27th of June were, after all, averted. There are hundreds of shrewd Americans who will agree with me when I declare the two best features of London to be Hyde Park and the police force, yet even that admirable police force must have been powerless on the two coronation days. On the night of Peace Monday, when the end of the South African war had been signalled to the town, London was already dangerously close to the perils of mafficking. As each train and steamer swelled the volume of humanity packed into London, it became more and more evident that Thursday and Friday loomed large with dismal possibilities. If one had seats one must reach them by eight in the morning; after that all traffic ceased. To drive a party of Americans from the Marble Arch to the Sunny side of the river, one liveryman asked ten guineas. It became a question finally of hoping that the people, the plain people themselves, would police themselves. Whether that would have been so, none of us

will ever know. But we do know that fate strangely altered the London that was to be into the London that was. Take my own case I had expected terrible encounters with mobs and weather in order to reach a place whence to see the procession; instead I cantered, on the Friday forenoon, up and down a sparsely filled Row. The world went its way, sadly and silently, perhaps, but very much as of yore. The Englishman has taken his blow with fine stoicism; none of the hysteria of Mafeking night had marred this occasion. The banners fluttered unheeded while thousands kept vigil outside the Palace gate; the wooden gates, intended to shut off the traffic at many important junction points, stood bare and sullen, unused and futile. Gradually, while the world waited in awe and fear, the town emptied, and the greatest, most ironic blight in the history of London was over and in the past. I do not love London, and I was not come for the coronation, but I would not have missed this gigantic catastrophe—not for a great deal.

IN HAUNTED WAYS.

IN haunted ways I set my feet,
When pales the wistful after-glow;
The ghostly presence is so sweet,
No lightest fear my heart may know!
The sigh of darksome boughs I hear,—
One spell the whispering leaves repeat;
One only voice, in all, I hear,
One only face I meet!

In haunted ways I set my feet,
By day, by night—where'er I range;
The ghostly presence is so sweet,
My heart, forsooth, desires no change!
Clear rings the thrush's matin call,
The wakening eyes of flowers I greet;
One only voice I hear in all,
One only face I meet!

In haunted ways I set my feet,
Where'er I go—where'er I go;
The mystic thralldom is complete;
And yet, it was not always so.
I only loved since yester-year,—
Then first my heart did truly beat!
Since then one only voice I hear,
One only face I meet!

Edith Thomas, in *Harper's Bazar*.

THE GAME OF SOCIETY.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

Why do women of energy, brain, and force waste themselves in the struggle for social pre-eminence? What charm has this mean and inglorious fight for the intrepid Amazons who yearly take the field? These are questions we all ask, as we stand off and watch the tide of battle, and see our friends and enemies striving mightily together to see who will get asked first to the house of somebody who doesn't want to know them.

The secret charm of the contest is that it is one of the few known cures for *ennui*. Nobody but those who are on the inside have an idea how women of a certain secured income, and a certain unexhausted fund of energy, suffer from *ennui*. It is the nightmare of their lives, and it is a nightmare of their lives, for which science has, so far, discovered no remedy, and time no palliative.

Take a woman of, say, forty, still young, still pretty, whose husband is succeeding in business, and who is neither tranquilly domestic nor passionately maternal. The family income is increasing at a rate that raises ambitions. In the even tenor of daily life it is not spent. The children, if there are any, are at school. The interests of ordering dinner and new clothes have begun to pall. What is the fun of ordering dinner if there is nobody new and interesting to eat it? Of wearing fine clothes if there is no one but a husband and a few dull friends to impress?

The life of such a woman is singularly barren of vivid and soul-satisfying interests. Great romances, dramatic happenings do not cheer the tedium of her silk-lined existence. The tragedies and grand passions of life do not befall the prosaically comfortable. Drama is a perquisite of those who are either in very high or very low places. Princes and paupers divide it between them. "Some men must love my lady and some Joan," says Shakespeare, and it is to my lady and to Joan that the extravagant incidents of life fall. The great middle world, with its stomach full and its back covered, are not of the stuff from which dime-novel plots are made. Sydney Smith once remarked that "soup and fish explain half the emotions of life." But he did not go on to say how much more emotional people would be if the soup and fish were entirely lacking.

The lady of whom we are speaking has been having hers, for, say, ten years past, and her emotions are annually growing less. She is getting more and more bored as her husband grows richer and richer. He is not the least bit bored. He is more uplifted every day. For he has a life of tension and stimulating excitement in the world of men "down town." He goes to it expectantly in the morning, and returns from it at night to the elaborate dinner prepared by his accomplished *chef*—only ten years ago it was an Irishwoman at eighteen dollars a month—and which is served on the choicest china from the greatest factories in Europe.

His wife, with equal energy, force, and will, leads, on the other hand, an existence void of all that makes his so full of interest and opportunity. What is her day as compared to his? The morning is generally dawdled away at dressmakers and milliners, or among the shops. In her rise to affluence she has lost sight of some old friends and has not made many new ones, for she

belongs to no regular "set," has no place in any established "world." Perhaps, in the afternoon, she will pay a call or two, and take tea from a cup the size of a thimble, accompanied by a sandwich as big as a postage stamp. Nothing is very interesting to her, neither the tea, the conversation, nor the hostess, for she knows them all by heart. Maybe after that she starts to pay another call—but what is the use? It will be just the same old story, the same bits of gossip, the same tea, the same sandwich. So, perhaps, she takes a drive instead, looking aimlessly with unanimated eyes at the prospect she has seen every afternoon for the whole winter.

And then she drives home and dresses for dinner, which is going to be the crowning boredom of the barren, tiresome day. Some people are coming to dinner, but like the tea-drinking ladies, they are old acquaintances who have no more surprises for her. They are generally business associates of her husband, who sit with him over the coffee, smoking cigars and talking stocks, while she has to entertain their wives, whose main topics of conversation are the delinquencies of servants and the best sorts of infants' food. The hostess, who is not preoccupied with either subject, puts her little spangled fan over her mouth to hide her yawns, and wonders if the clock has stopped.

So stretch the days, sterile with *ennui*. She is not of the unselfish, philanthropic type, and charitable work offers her small attractions. The care of home, which in the early days of her marriage, when money was not so plentiful, and managing things meant an output of time and thought, has now been lifted from her hands by the skilled domestics her increased revenues can command. Prosperity is robbing her of every resource she once had. Even her children are either at expensive schools or in the charge of tutors and governesses, who know better how to train them than their unoccupied and restless mother.

It is to this type of woman that the great game of society is a refuge. It is the one avenue open to her which gives full scope to her eager energies and fills her empty days with the stir and stimulus of effort. Temperamentally it is exactly suitable to her. To fight for pre-eminence is a delight, and brings out all her combative force. She is not troubled by any inconvenient timidity. As the man who is successful in business over a thousand competitors must be a creature of push, aggression, and enterprise, but is rarely one of sentiment, delicacy or sensitiveness, so the woman who starts out to cut her way into the inner sanctum must be as impervious to snubs as Ulysses was to the smiles of the sirens.

Once in, the excitement of the conflict carries her away. Those who look on often wonder at her gallant courage in the face of rebuffs. She accepts them as a legitimate part of the battle, and it is to participate in the battle that she has entered the arena. She is not in the least of the frivolous type, who see in the career of fashion merely an opportunity to wear fine clothes and eat good dinners. Nor is she of the purely social order of being, like Mme. du Deffand, who said she liked society because everybody listened to her and she listened to nobody. It is the struggle for mastery that attracts her. She has no interest in the peaceful conquests of diplomacy. Had she been Joshua and seen the walls of Jericho fall, in answer to the blast of his trumpets, she would have been bitterly chagrined. Like the coquettish heroine in Rhoda Broughton's



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novel, "It's not the fox she cares for; it's the chase."

The main trouble of her case is that the rewards fall so short of what such meritorious efforts should meet. It certainly does appear as if one's desire for a strenuous life might find better ends to expend itself upon than in trying to get asked to dinner at the house of people who don't want to ask one; or the brave and gallant fight of years be rewarded by something more satisfying than a bow from the lady who once looked at you blankly through a lorgnette. But even if the returns are inadequate, the contest has been worth while. It has furnished a goal to struggle toward, and has, thereby, slain ennui.

Such women are the militant spirits of their sex—the women of action, not of endurance. Under encouraging circumstances they might have been maids of Saragossa, or Moll Pitchers. They undoubtedly would have been good heads of business houses, and as commercial travelers they would have been of inestimable value to enterprising firms. It is an unfortunate thing that their initiative, push and dauntless energy can not be directed into more generally profitable channels. Perhaps, in the course of years—so strenuous and progressive is the time—some clever person will show us how it can be done—how the vast amount of will-power, enthusiasm, and aggression annually expended in forcing the entrance of the society citadel can be utilized for the public's good. It is now an ungarnered and wasted force. But so was Niagara till some one rose up and saw how it could be curbed, bridled, and usefully employed.—From the Argonaut.

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NEW BOOKS.

"Reconstruction and the Constitution," by Jno. W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law, in Columbia University, is a most valuable contribution to reconstruction literature. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Some of the views advanced are decidedly novel, and in conflict with those of other authorities on the subject. In his preface, the author says that "there is now little question that erroneous means were chosen" in securing the civil rights of the negro and in re-establishing loyal Commonwealths in the South. Reconstruction, we are told, was a failure. Prof. Burgess does not appear to have any too lofty opinion of the political capacity of the negro, and asserts "that it is the white man's mission, his duty and his right, to hold the reins of political power in his own hands for the civilization of the world and the welfare of mankind." The ardent Southerner will find much comfort in the author's views, even if he is told that he should show his manliness by acknowledging his share in past errors. Prof. Burgess does not believe there is any "reason for speaking of the 'States,' in a system of Federal government, as indestructible. He asks: "As they emerge from the status of territories under the exclusive power of Congress, upon having attained certain conditions, why may they not revert to the status of territories upon having lost these conditions of State existence; nay, why may they not revert to the status of martial law by having lost all the conditions

of Civil government? The dictum 'once a State always a State, in a system of federal government, has no sound reason in it. It is the author's opinion that this fallacy about the perdurance of a "State" was the cause of all the confusion, blunders and grievances which attended the era of reconstruction in the South. Prof. Burgess finds fault with some of Lincoln's ideas. He says: "Some of the ardent admirers of Mr. Lincoln are disposed to dispute the proposition that he had any theory of reconstruction. It means, however, that they are unconsciously influenced in this by their desire to escape the conviction that Mr. Lincoln had an erroneous theory of reconstruction." Lincoln's proclamation of December 8th, 1863, plainly suggests that the President had very decided opinions on this subject. There is one point of this proclamation upon which Mr. Lincoln's reasoning was "crude and erroneous," and that is that a "State" government can be founded upon ten per centum of the population. Territorial government may be sustained in that way, but a State, as we understand it, is founded upon majority-rule. Congress formed its own opinions about reconstruction. Its resistance to some of Mr. Lincoln's measures began as soon as the idea that the rebellious States did not perjure was being dropped. The New York Tribune, of August 5th, 1864, contained an intemperate arraignment of the President, in connection with his attitude on the Wade-Davis bill, and declared that "a more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people had never been perpetrated."

In reference to the Thirteenth Amendment, the author informs us that the original Henderson proposition read that "slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States." This was changed however, and made to read as follows: "Sec. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." The change was made in order to include territories. The original Henderson proposition left it open to doubt whether Territories could be considered subject to the Constitutional provision.

The Johnson administration is reviewed with fine discrimination. Prof. Burgess says "President Johnson was a man of considerable intellectual power and of great will-power. He was intensely loyal to the Union, and could regard secession and rebellion only as a treason." His controversies with Congress are ably treated, and in a spirit of fairness to both sides. The subject of legislation by the reconstructed States concerning the status of freedmen, and the "Freedmen's Bureau" are dwelled upon at length. The emancipated negro was in danger of becoming a pauper and criminal, and relied too much upon the strong arm of the Federal Government. "When the Government began to furnish food, clothes, fuel and shelter gratis, they (the negroes) like the children that they were, conceived of this, to them, very agreeable state of things as something that was to last forever, as the New Jerusalem."

The work of Prof. Burgess is a valuable and meritorious contribution to the literature of an era that had been too much neglected, and yet formed the most important transitional period in the life of the Union. Scholars as well as laymen will read the book with deep interest. Prof. Burgess

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brings his work down to the Presidential election of 1876 and its consequences, and concludes with a summary of the international relations of the United States between 1867 and 1877. Towards the end of chapter XIII, the author declares that "the white men of the South need now have no further fear that the Republican party, or the Republican Administrations, will ever again give themselves over to the vain imagination of the political equality of men." Considered in the light of experience in the last few years, Prof. Burgess' declaration cannot be regarded as being based on a priori theories, much as our Republican friends may desire to continue posing as the colored man's faithful and only true friend.

Many are the anecdotes told of the late Thomas Nolan, of New York, generally known as "the barrister." Of Irish birth

and education, Nolan possessed more than his share of Celtic lightheartedness, naivete and wit. He never failed to look on the bright, cheerful and funny side of life. His legal acquirements were not conspicuous. He achieved greatness at the bar through his genial good humor, drollery and almost astounding ignorance in matters of the greatest importance. The Mab Press, New York, has issued a compilation of Nolan anecdotes by Charles Frederick Stansbury, which furnishes reading of the best and most amusing sort, not only for the legal fraternity, but the public generally. The author gives assurance that the stories compiled are strictly true. Apocryphal matter has been excluded. The little volume contains also a short biographical sketch of the portly "Barrister" who was over six feet four inches in height, broad in proportion and erect in figure. "On the

rare occasions when he was not witty himself, Counselor Nolan was the cause of wit in others." He was *sui generis*.

On one occasion, Mr. Nolan was arguing a case before the famous Chief Justice, Shea, of the Marine Court, when he laid much stress upon a statute that had recently been declared unconstitutional. In the midst of his argument, he was interrupted by the Chief Justice, who said: "But, Counselor, pray, remember the Constitution." "Ah, your Honor," replied the barrister, with a twinkle in his eye, in a voice that sounded like the rolling of pumpkins on a barn-floor, "we'll waive the Constitution." Mr. Nolan once had a client whose name was Mrs. Moriarity. After her case had been placed upon the calendar, Mrs. Moriarity appeared every day in Nolan's office with her eleven witnesses. Finally the case reached the top of the calendar, and Mr. Nolan was on hand to try it. The opposing counsel asked for a postponement. Mr. Nolan fought it with great eloquence, laying much stress upon the fact that Mrs. Moriarity had been put to the enormous trouble and expense of coming every day to his office with her eleven witnesses. Judge Dugro, who was sitting, was not convinced apparently, by Nolan's fervid oratory and granted the adjournment. Then the barrister arose. "Your Honor," said he, "has seen fit to grant a postponement of the case, and while I humbly submit to the ruling of the court, yet I would like to ask your Honor to do me a personal favor."

"Certainly, Counselor, with pleasure," replied Judge Dugro. "What is it?"

"Go you to my office," thundered the barrister, "and inform Mrs. Moriarity that this case has been postponed."

Judges did not mind sarcastic sallies on the part of Nolan. They liked to hear his sharp retorts and often teased and badgered him on purpose. One day, Nolan had failed to win a case for a poor, woman client. He bewailed the lack of justice in this world. "Me poor client," said he, "is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."

"Well, Counselor," said the court, in the person of Dugro, "if I have an opportunity, I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

"Your Honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

Once in a while, Nolan liked to air his classical and linguistic accomplishments. One day, in examining a witness, he had occasion use the word "stucco," in connection with an injury to his client. The witness did not know the meaning of "stucco." "Not know what stucco is!" cried Nolan in stentorian tones. "Why, me poor man, your education is radically deficient in rudimentary requirements. Stucco comes from the Greek word 'stick,' and its declension, as his Honor knows well, is stick, stuck, stucco."

Nolan once had occasion to argue a case in behalf of sailor clients. He displayed such a vast amount of nautical scholarship, that the Court felt impelled to ask: "How comes it, Counselor, that you possess such a vast knowledge of the sea?"

"Of course, I have, your Honor. Does your Honor think I kem over in a hack?"

Mr. Stansbury has done well in compiling the Nolan anecdotes. There are half a

hundred as good as or better than those quoted. The little volume is entitled "The Barrister," and may be recommended without hesitation. Thomas Nolan was an interesting and somewhat eccentric character, yet an honest and worthy man withal, who left behind him a host of friends.

The most comprehensive work of its kind is "Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities," for 1902. In general scope and wealth of information regarding corporations and their securities it is unsurpassed. For the general investor it is the standard reference book. The current issue has 2,256 pages, and covers, approximately, 10,000 corporations. It is of inestimable value not alone to the financier and investor, but to the lawyers, railroad-men and agents of insurance companies. Full facts and figures are given regarding all the steam and street railroad, gas, electric light, water supply, telephone, telegraph and cable, mining and oil and general industrial, as well as banks, trust and insurance companies of the United States. Timely and needful information is also given regarding American and Foreign Government securities. The Manual is strictly up-to-date in every respect, and covers one of the urgent requirements of the times. It is published by John Moody & Co., Publishers, 35 Nassau street, New York.

"John Gildart," an heroic poem, by Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, is ambitiously designed, but somewhat immature in conception. That the author has decided talent cannot be gainsaid. Her pastoral descriptions are, occasionally, very striking and betray more than ordinary originality of observation and expression. In her use of adjectives she is too copious, but that is not an unusual pitfall. The work throughout has a certain pleasing smoothness of movement that bespeaks a good quality of literary skill. For an heroic poem, "John Gildart" is of too pastoral a character, but it contains a wealth of patriotic sentiment and affection of the Southern type. There are several pretty, lyrical *intermezzos*, and marital love is the leading theme. The volume is amateurishly illustrated. It is published by Wm. H. Young & Co., New York.

There are, no doubt, a great many Missourians who have a rather uncompimentary opinion of Missouri authors and Missouri literature. They know something about Mark Twain and Eugene Field; they know that Thomas H. Benton was a great political orator and writer, but know nothing about a host of other distinguished Missourians, who have achieved marked success by their pen. To such uninformed persons, the volume entitled "Missouri Literature," issued from the press of E. W. Stephens, of Columbia, Mo., will be in the nature of a revelation. It is edited by Richard H. Jesse, President, and Edward A. Allen, Professor of the English language and Literature in the University of Missouri. In the preface to the book, the editors make announcement that they have "included selections from the literary productions of writers identified with the State either by birth or by residence." The contents are selected with discriminating care. "Numerous selections had to be laid aside,



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because of the refusal of publishers to make any concession in the matter of copyright, or because, on the final revision, the selection seemed to represent unfairly the work from which it was taken or to be unsuitable for the purpose of this collection." Among the authors we are introduced to may be mentioned the following: Mark Twain, Lewis and Clark, Wm. Vincent Byars, Thos. H. Benton, Wm. F. Switzer, John N. Edwards, Thos. L. Snead, Jessie Benton Fremont, Eugene Field, Ernest McGaffey, Lee Meriwether, William Marion Reedy and Francis P. Blair. The book, it is stated, is designed, primarily, for use in Missouri schools as supplementary reading, but will also furnish very good and instructive reading for the general public, or for

those who wish to know more about the achievements of Missouri in political, geographical and scientific literature, as well as *belles lettres*. It has been the aim of the editors to give complete, and not fragmentary, selections. Loyal Missourians will do well to read this book, for it is a more than merely creditable showing for Missouri penmen.

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SOCIETY.

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Mrs. Henry Whitmore has gone to Virginia.
Miss Amy Hyde will summer at Lake Geneva Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Scott are at Rockland, Maine.
Mrs. Saunders Norvill, has gone to Edgertown, Mass.
Miss Lydia Crump is at Colorado Springs, for the summer.
Mrs. George W. Simpkins and family are at Yarmouth, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Meier have gone to Narragansett Pier.
Mrs. John Howard Siegrist has gone to Sippewissett, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bailey, left last week, for Jamestown R. I.
Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Potter sailed, last week, for an European tour.
The Misses Nicolaus and Louis Nicolaus, have gone abroad for the summer.
Judge and Mrs. Selden P. Spencer are settled at Harpswell, Maine, for the season.
Mrs. Louise Summer and Miss Mary Butler are at the Thatch Cottage, Rureka Springs.
Mrs. Scott Bustritt Parsons has gone to Lake Minnetonka, when she will sojourn a few weeks.
Mrs. Clarence Hoblitzelle, accompanied by Mr. Philip Hoblitzelle, has gone to Wequetonsing.
Mrs. Louis Schlossstein, Mrs. Caroline Seitz and Miss Seitz are visiting in Milwaukee for the summer.
Mrs. R. H. Stockton has gone to Colorado Springs, where she will spend a part of the summer.
Mrs. Charles Cox, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Virginia Cox, will summer at Oconomowoc, Wis.
Mrs. Annie King, and her mother, Mrs. Swearingen, have gone to Jamestown, R. I., for the summer.
Mrs. Trueman Riddle, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Estel and Mabel Riddle, is summering at Wequetonsing.
Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Johnson, accompanied by their three daughters, will leave, soon, for the fashionable resorts in Massachusetts.
Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Wilson, will, about August 1, join Mrs. P. J. Cunningham and Miss Cunningham, at their cottage at Mackinac.
Mrs. E. H. Semple, accompanied by the Misses Semple, is spending the summer at Osterville, on the coast of Massachusetts.
Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells and Miss Maude Wells are settled at their cottage at Cape May. Mr. Lloyd Wells and a younger sister are with them.
Mr. and Mrs. George L. McGrew, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert are sojourning at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.
Interest is being expressed at the recent announcement of Mr. Conde Nast and Miss Clarisse Coudert, of New York. The Nast family are among the oldest French families. The wedding ceremony will be performed very quietly next fall, at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.
Mrs. P. J. Cunningham, has just announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Katharine Cunningham, and Mr. Adolph Gervais Pasquier. The wedding day has not been set, but an early fall ceremony is anticipated. Mrs. Cunningham and her daughter left, last week, for their cottage at Mackinac.
Shoes have changed tremendously this year as regards style. The heels are so much higher, there is so much more curve under the instep, and the toes are so much more pointed. The low heels and broad soles on the commonsense plan will never go out of style for people who want to walk and who are more or less conservative. There is always the danger that this style of foot-wear will become too pronounced and eccentric, but there is a happy medium to be found; the flat, broad sole has been rather overdone in the last few years. Almost all American women have high insteps, and the perfectly flat last is not comfortable, and certainly not becoming. The present styles of so-called Colonial ties and slippers are every becoming, and the place to get them is at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A GIRL AND A FISH.

I lifted with might and main. The whisk of a finned tail, a fleeting glimpse of dusky scales and scarlet speckles became suddenly correlated in my mind with the fact that one of my boots was full of water, and my line was swinging high in the air—the hook gone, the gut leader nipped off short.
It was a small work to go to the tent for the other pole. One does not expect all luck to be good luck in fishing. Back on my stone perch, I flung my line into the air at random, and the bait struck the water just below the little cataract. A tug, mighty as the first, and fully as prompt, nearly lost me my balance, but it steadied my nerves. One thought, one purpose filled my mind—I must get that fish to shore. The trees on shore began to move in a circle of which I was the center. With joy I saw my angry captive flash out of the water; then came an instant of despair. He was off—the curve on which he rose was complete, and he fell forward—right at me! The up curve was a forlorn hope—the down curve was perfect assurance. I knew my fish would never escape me. By all the laws of dramatic unity and poetic justice he was mine. For in his gasping mouth I read a startling revelation. He was bringing back those two hooks! He struck the water in that little basin shut in by the three jutting rocks, and I sat down upon him! I did it calmly, and, I trust, with dignity, but without delay. It was the only thing to do. He was in a trap that needed but a lid. I was that lid. There I could answer my father's call, for the dazed fish had found a corner, and a groping thumb and finger had found the back of his neck. My repressed feelings broke forth in one long, ambiguous, feminine scream.—Country Life in America.

BUGS COST MILLIONS.

The chinch bug caused a loss of \$30,000,000 in 1871, upward of \$100,000,000 in 1874 and in 1877 \$60,000,000. The Rocky mountain locust, or grasshopper, in 1874, destroyed \$100,000,000 of the crops of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, and the indirect loss was probably as much more. For many years the cotton caterpillar caused an annual average loss in the Southern States of \$15,000,000, while in 1868 and 1873 the loss reached \$30,000,000. The fly weevil, our most destructive enemy to stored grain, particularly throughout the South, inflicts an annual loss in the whole country of \$40,000,000. The codling moth, the chief ravager of the apple and pear crops, destroys, every year, fruit valued at \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The damage to live stock inflicted by the ox-bot, or ox-warble, amounts to \$36,000,000. These are fair samples of the enormous money losses produced in one country by a few of the pigmy captains of pernicious industry whose hosts operate in the granaries, fields, stock farms and the stock yards of our country. What is the grand total? B. D. Walsh, one of the best entomologists of his day, in 1867, estimated the total yearly loss in the United States from insects to be from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000. Dr. James Fletcher, in 1891, footed up the loss to about one-tenth of our agricultural products, \$330,000,000! In 1889 E. Dwight Sander-son, after careful consideration of the whole field, put the annual loss at \$309,000,000.—Harper's Magazine.



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NEW DANCES.

Three new round dances have just been approved and adopted by the Normal Association of Masters of Dancing of the United States and Canada, which recently met in New York. They are the Military Dip Waltz, the Olympia Schottische and the Antler's Gavotte. The Military Dip Waltz is said to be the simplest and most graceful of the three. It has been predicted that this dance will sweep the country, and may take the place of the two-step in the matter of popularity. The movements are thus described: Take a position facing your partner, as if for waltzing. The left foot of both lady and gentleman should be in the fourth position, front; that is, about the length of one step in front of the right foot. At the beginning of the strain the gentleman dips forward upon his left and the lady backward upon her right; then both reverse the movement. The gentleman next makes a quick change, stepping forward on the left and then on the right. The balance is repeated in this position, the two dip movements having occupied just four measures in all. From this point glide into the waltz, waltzing four measures; then repeat the balance movement again, and so on ad libitum. The dance is simple, easy and fascinating. The Olympia Schottische is designed for the more agile and spirited dancers. It is begun in the open position assumed for any schottische, the gentleman holding the lady's left hand with his right, the two facing one another. The lady starts with the right foot, the gentleman with the left. Dip backward with a graceful bend of knee, then bring the rear foot forward and rise on the toes. Repeat the movement with the other foot; glide four times to the right, repeat both movements, face forward and hop on left foot, kicking right with toe touching the floor; then hop on right, kicking left. Next assume the closed position and take four glides, a half turn, finishing with four more glides in the same direction. The Antler's Gavotte is made up entirely of familiar steps. This is begun in the closed position. March two measures, two-step four, take three glides to the left, finishing on the right foot, and waltz to the close of the strain. This is a new combination of the two old favorites, two-step and waltz, with the march step for variety.

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During Month of July.

Martha, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. The Christian Register reports the dialogue:

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out."

"Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.



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Very truly yours,
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SUMMER MUSIC.

THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

That was a clever *coup*, when, "by arrangement with the Augustin Daly estate," the Delmar management secured the right to present the best, brightest and prettiest of the many "Girls" who have been the fashion in things theatrical, these past five years.

"The Runaway Girl" is the success of the summer season—of many summer seasons, in fact—and she is making herself so "solid" by her tuneful songs and funny "lines," that, the other "Girl" who is to follow her—an ancient but beloved maiden—may have to wait a week or two before she gets an opportunity to dream of marble halls and other things, on the stage at the Delmar.

For the first time this season, the encore microbe makes its presence felt in the pavilion and the appeal to "listen to the band" had to be made repeatedly by sweet-faced, clear-voiced Josephine Knapp and the beauty chorus, before the audience ceased applauding. To say nothing of the many times Miss Williams assured the spectators that "the boy guessed right," and Mr. Harvey asked them to "follow the man from Cook's." Then the piccaninnies, personated by Miss Reynolds and Mr. Harvey, danced until they panted for breath before they were allowed to stop. Mr. Clark's song of the "sea-girt land of my home," proved immensely popular, too, as did Mr. Delamotta's ditty about the sort of a girl he does not care about. The song of the singing girl, the carnival chorus—almost every musical number, in short, was redemanded.

The production shows liberality on the part of the management in the way of new scenery and handsome costumes, and an appalling amount of work on the part of the company. It is safe to assert that for a production as complex, in the way of never ending variety of "business" and dances, the average stage manager would demand six weeks rehearsing, yet the plucky company at the Delmar had six days in which to study and rehearse the work, and therefore, taking into consideration one thing with another, the performance on Sunday was little short of wonderful. The lovely Miss Williams was almost letter perfect, and, as always, easy and spontaneous in action, and her beaming smile and bright eyes, gave no hint of the many weary hours of work her performance represented. The energetic prima donna's voice was smooth and dulcet toned, and she has never looked more handsome than in the stunning evening gown worn in the last scene.

Miss Chapman gave evidence that she had not invested all her money in her recent real estate venture, as she too was resplendent, sartorially. Clever little Miss Reynolds danced with great skill and vigor and set a strong pace for the agile Mr. Harvey. This young man, by the way, gave a remarkably snappy, clean, performance, and, if comparisons were in order, the original, famed exponent of the part of *Jockey Flipper* would get the worst of it in this case. Mr. Harvey has a very happy way of expressing audacity, and skips about most amusingly. That intermittent cockney dialect of his, though, needs attention.

Mr. Frank Blair in addition to his labors as stage manager, assumed the role of *Lord Coodle*. His methods are violent, but effective. Mr. Clark has a congenial role in *Pietro* and Mr. Delamotta is well cast as *Guy Stanley*. The rest of the cast helps, and the chorus, with several new blonde beauties

in its ranks, is a great factor in the remarkable success of the performance.

The Lounger.

Lockhart and his trained elephants are making the hit of the show at Forest Park Highlands this week. Nat Wills' single talking act is so full of meat and wit that the audience is kept constantly laughing. The act is not particularly new, but even old jokes, like friends of by-gone days, are pleasant to encounter. Those who have not yet seen the Pony Ballet should not lose time to do this, as this is the last week of the little English girls at the Highlands. Nat Wills and the elephants will remain over for another week. The new comers are Almont and Dumont, the Rozinos, the great Drawee, a wonderful juggler, who handles tables, chairs and other stage furniture as ordinary jugglers handle clubs, and the Newsboys Quintette. This will be another of those programmes which have been in vogue at the Highlands this summer; plenty of good music; plenty of fun. Messrs. Stuever and Hopkins have given to-day to the Vacation Play Grounds children, and about two thousand youngsters from the tenement districts, are to enjoy the hospitalities of the Highlands.

The Delmar Opera Company's eighth successful week of light opera, commences Sunday night, July 20, when Balfe's popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl," will be presented. The cast is as follows:

Count Arnheim, Governor of Presburg.
Edwin A. Clark
Thaddeus, a Proscribed Pole... Miro Delamotta
Florestine, Nephew of the Count,
J. Clarence Harvey
Devilshoof, Chief of the Gypsies,

Mr. Riley Hatch
Captain of the Guard..... Frank Rainger
Arline, Daughter of the Count... Maud Williams
Queen of the Gypsies..... Blanche Chapman
Buda, Arline's attendant..... Mariette Carber
Nobles, Soldiers, Gypsies, Retainers and Peasants.

There is a good programme at the West End Heights. The vaudeville numbers are all of a superior quality. This week, Miss Eva Mudge, a pretty, dark-haired, brown-eyed young lady, having a fine stage presence and a powerful alto voice, sings a number of patriotic songs in different characters, changing her costumes with great rapidity. Her specialty is quite new here and gains well merited applause. The Great Northern Quartette is always well applauded, taking nightly four or five encores. The act of Seymour & Dupree is one of the best seen on the local stage. It is full of versatility, their singing, dancing and acrobatic feats being received with favor. Fogarty & Brown are two very clever dancers and the Delmore Sisters sing well and play musical instruments in a very superior manner. The Three Keatons make the laughing hit of the bill. Buster is a diminutive comedian, about six or seven years old, who is unusually clever. He is not an infant prodigy, but a healthy, roguish child, with a sprightly dash in him that is irresistible. Without appearing unnatural, he manages to keep the audience laughing immoderately from entrance to exit. Mr. and Mrs. Keaton are very clever acrobatic singers and dancers. After the stage performance, Herr Granada and Mlle. Alma Fedora, give a sensational exhibition on a high wire, introducing an elephant. The programme for next week is as follows: The Marvelous Martelles, America's Premier Bicycle Experts; Sharp & Flat, Musical Comedians;



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"Monte Cristo" was most successfully revived by The Buhler-Kemble-Rising World's Fair Stock Company, at Koerner's and has proved an excellent drawing card. It is put on with the customary attention to detail displayed by this excellent company.

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THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Richard Bubler as *Edmond Dantes* appeared to good advantage, and as the *Count of Monte Cristo* was dignified and graceful. Lillian Kemble was winsome as the peasant girl and as the *Mature Mercedes* gave full value to the various scenes. Harry Nowell made a fair *Nortier* and Lee Sterrett, a villainous *Villefort*. The management intend changing their policy somewhat, and will abandon, for a short time, their idea of giving the heavy dramas, and substitute instead some of the lighter ones—"Frou Frou" will be the attraction for next week, with Mr. Bubler as *Sartorys* and Lillian Kemble as *Frou Frou* in which she scored such a hit last year. Will S. Rising will probably make his first appearance this summer.

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THE MONOLOGUE OF DEATH.

Miscall me not, men have miscalled me much;
Have given harsh names, and harsher thoughts to me;
Built me strange temples as an unknown God;
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
Reviled, and evilly entreated me;
And to rude insult bowed my Godhead down.
Miscall me not, for men have marred my form,
And in the earth-born grossness of their thought
Have coldly modeled me of their own clay;
Then feared to look on that themselves had made.
Miscall me not; ye know not what I am,
But ye shall see me face to face and know.
I take all sorrows from the sorrowful,
And teach the joyful what it is to joy;
I gather in my land-locked harbor's clasp
The shattered vessels of a vexed world;
And e'en the tiniest ripple upon life,
Is, to my sublime calm, as tropic storm.
When other leech-craft fails the breaking brain,
I only; own the anodyne to still
Its eddies into visionless repose.
Belie me not; the plagues that walk the earth,
Famine, and war, and pestilence, and all
The horrors that have darkened round my name,—
These are the plagues of life, they are not mine,
Vex while I tarry, vanish when I come,
Instantly melting into perfect peace,
As at His word whose master-spirit I am,
The troubled waters slept on Galilee.
When I withdraw the veil which hides my face,
So melt I with a look the iron bonds
Of the soul's jailor—hard mortality.
Gently, so gently, like a tired child,
Will I enfold thee, but thou can'st not look
Upon my face and stay. In the busy haunts
Of human life—the temple and the street,
And when the blood runs fullest in the veins,
Unseen, undreamed of, I am often by;
Divided from the giant in his strength,
But by the thickness of the misty veil.
The face distorted with life's latest pang,
I smooth in passing with an angel's wing,
And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
The hidden glories of the eyes, to give
A new and nobler beauty to the rest.
Tender I am, not cruel, when I take
The shape most hard to human eyes, and pluck

The little baby-blossom yet unknown,
'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
Unswayed of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong,
Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
'Tis I that give a soul to memory,
For round the follies of the bad, I throw
The mantle of a kind forgetfulness,
While canonized in dear love's calendar,
I sanctify the good for evermore.
Miscall me not; my generous fulness lends
Home to the homeless; to the friendless,
friends,
To the starved babe, the mother's tender breast;
Wealth to the poor, and to the restless—
Rest.

From the *White Pilgrim*, by Herman C. Merivale.

The *Philadelphia Times* tells of the "break" made by a tot of the family who was one of a party of little girls at a recent strawberry festival in the vicinity of her home. She had been valiantly boasting of the manifold advantages of belonging to her family, and had managed to hold her own against the vainglorious and ingenuous discourses of her companions. They had gone from clothes to personal appearances, then to interior furnishings, then to the number of tons of coal consumed in the home of each during the last winter, and finally brought up at parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted: "Every package that comes for my pa is marked 'D. D.!' " "An' every package that comes for my pa is marked 'M. D.!' " retorted the daughter of a physician of the neighborhood. Then came a fine snort of contempt from the heroine of this anecdote. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house is marked 'C. O. D.' There, now!"

—Exchange.

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION—*Stubb*: "I wonder if it is true that boys who go to college are never fit for work?" *Penn*: "Certainly not. I read about a Yale graduate who is now driving a hack in St. Louis."—*Chicago Daily News*.



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INSURING THE KING.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I note in your last issue of the MIRROR, the following, under the head of "Greed."

"We have never yet seen in this country such a sordid spectacle as is presented by the English in the revelation of millions of pounds of money wagered with insurance companies on the life of the King. We Yankees insure ourselves for the benefit of others; we do not play the insurance game in such a way that some one else has to die that we may win."

This statement is astonishing in its utter misconception of the purpose of insurance on the life of the English King. An insurance on his life is not a matter of speculation. No man can insure the life of the English King of England for mere speculative purposes, it being against the Acts of Parliament. He can insure himself against the results of the King's death, only if he can prove financial interest in his life. This is purely trade insurance, for under the social conditions, the death of the King may make a tremendous difference among certain tradesmen. The coronation insurance was insurance against the possibility of the King's not being able to attend the coronation festivities, thereby entailing loss upon owners of the stands and others whose contracts were based on the assumption of his presence, and who stood to lose heavily otherwise. This is a perfectly legitimate form of insurance for the protection of contracts and property against financial loss. It was not a question of winning by the death of another, but protecting themselves against the consequences of death or absence of one upon whose life the value of their property depended. This same idea of insurance through life policies you will find largely acted upon in various forms by our large financiers in the promotion and organization of combinations involving large sums of money. As an instance, the life of the contractor of the New York Subway is insured for a large sum for the protection of his contract.

One can only note with regret, in so many respectable magazines, the tendency to depreciate the people of other countries while exalting our own. The idea of foreign nations finding expression in the phrase which you make use of in the article on Lord Beresford "that the English are apt, as usual, to think after the thing is over," is of this nature. History would hardly bear you out by the results as we see them today. Such remarks may be pleasant to a certain kind of patriot; they are not pleasant to people of intelligence; they are superficial judgments of no value, based on misconception and lack of actual knowledge. Comparisons by those who set up as an infallible standard that which pleases them to regard as their own and which may be entirely inapplicable to the different conditions of others are worthless; they are mostly harmful to those who put their trust in them.

Yours truly,

Geo. W. Ellis.

ST. LOUIS, July 7th, 1902.

Senator Perkins says that once when he was a sailor, a tremendous storm came up, and it looked as if the vessel were doomed to go under. In the midst of the excitement a minister, who was one of the passengers, asked the captain if he could have prayers. "Oh, never mind about the prayers," said the captain; "the men are swearing too hard to stop for prayers, and as long as you hear them swearing," added the captain, "there is no danger." The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later,

when the storm grew worse, the preacher went on deck to see what the sailors were doing. Then he went back to his wife. "Thank God!" he said, fervently, "those men are still swearing."

MARRYING TOO YOUNG.

Mr. A. Montefiore Brice's recent article in the London Mail uses the police court records and the census returns to warn the world against early marriage. Apparently, Mr. Brice thinks that people who marry before they are twenty-one incur great dangers. Statistics from Berlin have shown, of late, that divorces are much more frequent among those who marry early than among those who marry late. Of course, those who marry early have more time in which to get divorced. Even when this fact has been reckoned with, however, there still seems to the statisticians to be reason to think that the marriage of minors is in general a mistake. What is true in Berlin appears now to be true in London. The "spiritual and scientific mating and marriage," which was suggested the other day at a woman's meeting in New York, seems often to be neglected in English affairs of the heart. The consequence of that neglect is to be seen, thinks Mr. Brice, in the large number of desertions to which the police court records and the census returns bear witness.

The number of child marriages is in itself astonishing. In London, if one considers the total number of marriages, 45 per cent are those of female minors. In the provinces 55 per cent are those of male minors and 18 per cent of those female minors. It appears, then, that the provinces are in this matter worse than London and the women worse than the men. In England and Wales there are 56,399 married persons who are under age. In London alone there are 13,000 such persons. On the night of the last census of those wives whose husbands were not living with them, 742 were under age. Also of the 850 minors in prison 200 were married. These things together with many incidents that have come under his notice, have convinced Mr. Brice that the early marriage is an institution which cannot too soon disappear.

That it is tending to disappear seems to be indicated by the history of the last quarter century. In 1874, which was a kind of "banner year," or "high water mark," out of every 1,000 husbands and wives eighty-four husbands and 227 wives were under age. Since that time there has been steady, uninterrupted progress. To-day, out of every 1,000 husbands and wives there are only fifty husbands and only 165 wives under age. The marriage age, it seems, is rising. Which may mean that people are more sensible. It may really mean, however, that times are harder and food prices higher. Or it may mean that the "standard of life" has risen, and men and women will not marry unless they can be sure of a higher degree of physical comfort in their homes. Any one, or all, of these things may be true. The fact is clear. The explanation is difficult.—Chicago Tribune.

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GEOGRAPHY LESSON—"Papa, what is a marriage in high life?" "Two vacant hearts surrounded by cash."—Ex.



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THE TWOFOLD PRAYER.

When grass is green and tall, lad,
When hills are white with sheep,
When whetstones ring against the scythe,
And the sauntering brook's asleep;
When trees are loud with flutter and song
And not a bough is sad,
When skies are smiling in God's face,
And even man is glad;
When June flees down her laughing lanes
As fast as foot can fall,
The castles that our fancies build
Are fair as Ilion's wall.

Yet this must be the boon, lad,
To ask the jealous years:
"Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,
And if ye must, bring tears."

For soon the grass shall wither, lad,
And winter fetch the snow,
Soon other hands shall hold the shear,
And other arms shall mow.
Soon Helen's face must yield its grace
And youth must lose its Troy,
For love unlearns its pleasure, lad,
And June forgets its joy.
Oh, life must give this ignorant heart
The penance that it needs!—
How long a rosary seem our days
When sorrow counts the beads!

Yes, this shall be the prayer, lad,
We ask the coming years:
"Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,
And if ye must, bring tears!"

—Frederic L. Knowles.

INDUCEMENTS HELD OUT—Harriet: "What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook?" Harry: "Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer."—Detroit Free Press.

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—ADDRESS—

C. L. Hilleary, A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

The Courier de Paris relates that a party of men, sitting in front of a boulevard café, were recently approached by a man who had a clarinet in his hand, and who said: "Gentlemen, excuse me, I have to make my living, but I suppose you would rather give me a sou not to hear me." They took the hint. He repeated this performance several times, till, one day, one of the men said he felt like hearing a tune, and asked him to play. "I am sorry," said the man with the clarinet, "but I cannot play a note."

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SUNSTROKE.

The deaths from sunstroke that usually occur at this season invest the study of their pathological causes with a melancholy interest. Even when the result of exposure to heat rays is not directly fatal, there are, very frequently, after effects which persist for years. The explanation for both conditions, is duly apparent when we consider the varied organic changes which are induced by the different forms of seizure. There are different kinds as well as different degrees of attack, and, while all are more or less dangerous, the necessity of instituting the necessary preventive measures becomes proportionately emphasized.

The most severe form of sunstroke occurs suddenly and often without preliminary warning, and with a mortality of about forty-five or fifty per cent. The mode of the death is by direct shock, involving the respiratory and cardiac centers and giving rise to the usual symptoms of arrest of breathing and of heart power. The latter is supposed to be due to the rapid coagulation of the muscular elements of the circulatory organ by direct heat. The victim is, as a rule, attacked while working in the sun, when the temperature and humidity are extremely high, and quickly loses consciousness. All the phenomena of great vital depression are immediately manifest in the shape of cold skin, feeble pulse, shallow breathing and profound collapse. The majority of such persons die suddenly, without any attempt at rallying. If they partially recover they are apt to suffer subsequently from inflammatory changes in the brain or upper spinal column, which make them invalids for life.

The ordinary heat exhaustion is a much milder manifestation of stroke, and partakes more of the character of a faint or syncope, and under appropriate treatment recovery is generally complete and reasonably prompt, although sometimes death occurs during the depressed stage from heart failure. The extreme nervous and muscular exhaustion in these cases suggests a prompt resort to judicious stimulation.

A very common and more insidious variety is that known as heat fever, in which the bodily temperature may reach 108 degrees or 110 degrees Fahrenheit. This form of seizure is more gradual in its development, and may be occasioned as frequently by artificial as by solar heat. Thus it may show itself in the shade, within doors, and more especially at night, after a hard day's work and in the confined atmosphere of badly ventilated apartments. Premonitory symptoms generally show themselves for hours and sometimes days before the attack. The patient usually expresses his condition as that of one simply "overcome with the heat." He loses his appetite, becomes irritable, sleepless, oppressed in his

breathing, may have giddiness or headache, becomes easily nauseated, suffers from thirst and is markedly weak and feverish. The face, head and neck are intensely congested, as the more distinct signals of an immediate attack of fainting and collapse.

Inasmuch as there is a longer time for the development of premonitory symptoms as compared with the other forms of sunstroke, there are greater chances for permanent changes in the brain, especially in those instances in which recovery is slow or incomplete. Such lesions are distinctly structural, and are traced to inflammation of the cerebro-spinal membranes. The unfortunate is apt to suffer impairment of memory and of sight and may ultimately develop epilepsy and insanity. He, not infrequently, also shows an extreme intolerance of heat in any form, and is often utterly incapable of working in any high temperature or under direct solar rays.

It is well in considering these facts not to tempt fate by undue or too long exposure to heat. While it must be admitted that the strong man who lives naturally and temperately is most likely to escape, it is also true that no one can be considered as absolutely protected, least of all the one who neglects the preliminary warnings and postpones precautions.—*New York Herald.*

THE SPELL.

A bird was in a cage of gold
Of bent sun-rays celestial wires;
A circumstantial spirit-fold
Of tender yearnings and desires.

They scoffed and said: "It cannot fly,
Thou hast ensnared it with thine eyes
And woven charms when thou wert nigh
And hypnotized its nature-cries."

And lo, I took the cage away
And round it stretched the restless air;
All the blue chamber of the day
Was open to it everywhere.

Oh but my dear one never stirred;
It said, thou fill'st the world to me,
They thought me bound, who never heard,
What lovers say in secrecy.

G. C. Ives, in *London Saturday Review.*

In a speech in London, the other day, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told an admirable story of the advice given by an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, respectively, to a gentleman, whose servant was constantly breaking articles in the household. The Englishman, in his blunt, honest way, said to the employer: "Oh, get rid of him—dismiss him." The Scotchman's advice was: "Stop the money out of his wages." "But," said the master, "he breaks more than his wages amounts to." "Then," said the Irishman, "raise his wages."

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6—JUGGLING NORMANS—6

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Comedy: A Hot Night, Next.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

Shrewd manipulation and some outside buying, induced by favorable crop reports, brought about a moderate improvement in the past week. It could not be said, however, that the market had a naturally strong appearance. There were many matched orders and "wash-sales" in various specialties. Undoubtedly, a vigorous effort is being made to lift values and to attract the public into Wall street, but it still remains to be proved whether any prolonged upward movement can be inaugurated at the present time. Legitimate business conditions are as promising and active as ever; there is no let-up in the hum and bustle of our industries, in the rolling up of phenomenal railroad earnings, and in enthusiastic confidence in an indefinite prolongation of prosperity. The iron and steel industry reports the placing of unusually large orders for steel rails; the Pennsylvania Railroad system, for instance, giving a larger order than last year, at, presumably, prevailing high prices. Other leading systems are expected to increase their orders likewise, in view of their anxiety to make preparations for heavy traffic for years to come.

Developments of this kind cannot but stimulate hope in another good bull movement in stocks before a great while. There is a predominating belief in sanguine bull circles that Morgan, Harriman, Gates, *et al.* will put their shoulders to the bull-wheel as soon as crops have been assured and the banks been placed in a more comfortable position. In spite of roseate expectations and statements about the money outlook, a few close observers still believe that gold exports cannot be prevented, and would have taken place ere this, but for the sudden and unexpected demand for funds from the interior, especially from Chicago, where the antics of Gates and the clique in the corn-deal have strained the resources of banks and trust companies. This interior demand has sprung up rather early in the season; it had not been looked for before September, but it is only a natural consequence of the low reserves of interior banks. It is probable that New York banks will have to submit to a very severe drain this year and, if that should prove the case, it is reasonable to anticipate a boom in stocks between now and September first. Of course, the leaders of Wall street know more about this than the wayfaring man does. Perhaps, they have been, or are, making all necessary arrangements to keep things on an even keel. But if they are willing to let things drift along and to follow a natural course, bulls will have to wait and be patient until their opportunity has come round again. If they restrain themselves now, they will have a walk-over later on in their warfare against the bruins.

The bank statement issued last Saturday presented perplexing figures. In spite of heavy shipments to interior points, and a very moderate shrinkage in loans, reserves revealed an increase of over \$2,000,000; the total surplus now standing at about \$12,000,000. It is believed that the discrepancy is due to the misleading system of averaging adopted by the banks. These statements have become quite a complex affair, and suspicion is growing that they are doctored occasionally, whenever stock market exigencies require it. Sterling exchange is a trifle lower, owing to a renewal of our borrowing abroad. Our international position in finance is still weakening, and what the

final upshot will be is hard to foresee at the present moment. We will have to settle some day, either in cash or in exchange bills. If exchange bills are not plentiful enough, gold will have to go, especially if there should be a marked revival in speculative and industrial activity abroad.

The directors of the Louisville & Nashville have declared the regular semi-annual dividend of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The earnings of the road continue large, and an increase in the dividend-rate will have to be ordered sooner or later. At its present price, L. & N. cannot be regarded as a tempting purchase, and would-be buyers should await a more tempting level of quotations, notwithstanding the generally-expressed belief that the stock will go to 175, before it will sell at 130 again. Some predict that it will be a second Rock Island. Readers of the MIRROR were strongly urged to buy L. & N. when it sold at 105. If they intend buying the stock at 140 (at the present time), they will have to do it on their own hook. This does not, of course, imply that the stock is inflated at 140. Barring a serious turn in general affairs, the dividend may safely be expected to be increased before long. If the stock should be placed on a 6 per cent basis, it would quickly experience a rise of a good many points above 140. It is only for the present that L. & N. must be considered uninviting as a purchase.

St. Paul common proved a strong bull card lately. It almost touched 180, and transactions in it were unusually heavy. As has often been said in these columns, St. Paul is still a tempting purchase, and may be bought on all moderate set-backs, especially by people who wish to buy for investment, or are able to put up ample margins. Spring wheat conditions in the Northwest are reported very good. With an assurance of good crop results, the earnings of Northwestern roads may be relied upon to continue making fine showings for a long time to come, and this would mean enlarged dividend payments. St. Paul common is almost certain to be placed on a 7 per cent basis in September. It may fluctuate considerably between now and autumn, but there is hardly any doubt that it will, eventually, sell again at the high price of 1901, or 190 and probably at 200.

Those who contemplate making purchases on concessions of a few points should turn their attention to Norfolk & Western, Southern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio common, Chesapeake & Ohio, Frisco common, Missouri Pacific, Wabash preferred and common, Delaware & Hudson and Erie and Reading. The values of some of these stocks will be affected, of course, by coal-strike developments, and, in buying them, discrimination and caution must be exercised, but, if there is to be another sharp rise all along the list, the stocks mentioned will give a good account of themselves and return large profits on the investment.

For the next few weeks, the market promises to be irregular. Purchases should be made on declines only, and sparingly. Keep your eyes open; remember that the average of prices is high; that the money market is not what it should be; that manipulation is rampant, and that syndicates are anxious to sell. And do not forget that strikes are altogether too numerous, and the coal troubles have not yet been settled. Let it be repeated once more: "Keep your eyes open."

LOCAL SECURITIES.

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local values in the past week. Dullness is very pronounced, and investors and speculators have taken a back seat, or are going away for the summer. There is a slightly firmer tone to money-rates, but no pinch is expected by leading bankers. Confidence in a renewal of an upward movement is still very pronounced in well-informed circles.

St. Louis Transit advanced about 25 cents a share, on fairly large transactions. There seems to be a decided willingness on the part of smaller holders to let go on all strong spots. United preferred is hanging around 83, with little offering. Transit officials report a most gratifying and steady increase in revenues.

Bank and Trust Company issues are quiet and steady. Bank of Commerce, after

dropping to 396, has rallied a little again, but does not look very robust. Somebody is said to be "feeding it out" on the quiet. Third National is still quoted at 312. Lincoln Trust is selling in small lots at 270 and Missouri at 123.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

GREEDY GEORGIE.

Georgie ate a watermelon
Which had grown beside the gorge;
With ten seeds in his appendix
Georgie's parents planted George.

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

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Interest Allowed on Deposits.

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Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon
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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 -103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 -110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Apr 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	Jun 25, 1907	102 3/4 -103 3/4
" 4	A O	Apr 10, 1908	104 -105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec, 1909	102 3/4 -103
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 -105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 -105
" ster. \$2.004	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 -108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/4 -108 1/4
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/4 -110
" 3.65	J D	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 3/4 -103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment 352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4 -105 1/4
Funding 6.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 -104
" 3 1/2.	J D	June, 1920	104 -106
School Lib. 4s 10-20	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 5-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4 20-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20.	J D	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20.	J D	July 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2.	J J	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	85 -86
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -101
Century Bldg 1st 6s	1916	107 -109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 -106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99 -101 1/4
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	103 1/4 -108 1/4
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/4 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	116 -116 1/4
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/4 -113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s.	1921	115 -116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	91 -93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 1/2 -96
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s.	1919	101 -104
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1931	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	111 1/4 -105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 -80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '02, 3 SA	327 -331
Boatmen's.	100	June '02, 3 1/2 SA	235 -238
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	325 -330
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5 SA	330 -335
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	190 -200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	130 -150
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775 -825
International.	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	177 -185
Jefferson	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	198 -200
Lafayette.	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	325 -374
Mechanic's Nat.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	285 -295
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	290 -295
Northwestern.	100	Jan. '02, 4 SA	160 -170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. '02, 2 1/2 Qy	395 1/2 -396 1/2
South Side	100	May '02, 3 SA	128 -132
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Jan. '02, 3 SA	223 -225
Southern com.	100	Jan. '02, 3 SA	110 -115
State National.	100	June '02, 3 SA	212 -215
Third National.	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	310 -311

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		174 -175
Colonial	100		217 -218
Lincoln	100	June '02, 2 Qy	268 -269
Miss. Valley	100	June '02, 2 1/2 Qy	440 -445
St. Louis Union	100	Consolidated	375 -380
Title Trust	100	June '02, 1 1/2 Qy	119 -120
Mercantile	100	June '02, 1 Mo	419 -420
Missouri Trust	100		124 -125
Ger. Trust Co.	100		209 -210

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 108 -109
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N 2	1905 105 -107
1s 5s	F & A	1911 106 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Comp. Helg'ts U. D. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M & N	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-1s.	Dec. '89, 50c	
People's.	J & D	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg 6s 20s.	M & N	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg 7s.	Monthly 2	100 -
St. L. & E. St. L.	J & J	1925 103 -107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M & N	1910 101 -101 1/4
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J & J	1913 102 1/4 -103
St. L. & Sub		83 -84
do Con. 5s	F & A	1921 104 1/4 -105 1/4
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M & N	1914 117 -120
do Meramec Rv. 6s	M & N	1916 113 1/4 -114
do Income 5s.		1914 90 -100
Southern 1st 6s.	M & N	1904 104 -106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s.	F & A	1916 107 -108
U. D. 25s 6s	J & D	1918 120 1/4 -121
E. St. Louis & Sub.		50 -55
United Ry's Pfd.	July '02, 1 1/4	82 1/4 -83
" 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	87 1/4 -87 1/2
St. Louis Transit.		30 1/4 -31

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. '02, 4 p. c.	270 -275

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co.	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2	32 -33
" pfd	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	91 -92
Bell Telephone.	100	May '02, 2 Qy	165 -170
Bonne Terre F.C.	100	May '96, 2	2 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	June '02, 1/2 Mo	128 -135
Cen. Coal & C. com.	100		64 1/4 -66 1/2
" pfd	100		
Consol. Coal.	100	Jan. '02, 1	19 -19 1/2
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. '02, 1/2 Mo	128 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	Nov. '01, 1	217 -220
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100		93 -98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 -52
Kennard com.	100	Aug. '01, 10 A	110 -115
Kennard pfd.	100	Aug. '01, 3 1/2 SA	116 -120
Laclede Gas com.	100	Mar. '02, 2	87 -87 1/2
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 SA	108 1/4 -109
Mo. Edison pfd.	100		41 -43
Mo. Edison com.	100		15 -16
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting.	100	Jan. '02, 2 Qy	97 -100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	138 -142
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/2 SA	138 -142
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Oct. '01, 4 SA	20 -21
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	20 -21
St. L. Brew. pfd	10	Jan. '00, 2	61 -62
St. L. Brew. com	10	Jan. '99, 4	61 -62
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	55 -65
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. '02, 1 Qy	72 -80
Union Dairy.	100	Nov. '01, 2 Qy	115 -115 1/4
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 Qy	600 -610
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. '01, 7 1/2	160 -200
" Coupler	100		47 -43 1/4

GOOD NEWS IN HELL.

[In the General Assembly, yesterday, the Committee's Report in favor of Revision was adopted with only two dissenting votes.—Daily Paper.]

Oh, the gates be strong and the years be long

For the Souls that burn in Hell!
And little there comes but bitter tears
From the wretched that there must dwell.
But saddest of all in those dreadful realms
Are the Souls of the Infant Dead;
So the Children shook with a sudden thrill
At the wonderful news they read.

For to fix their fate divers godly men
In the General Assembly met;
And in far New York the wondrous work
For these holy men was set.
They argued strong and they parleyed long,
While the Infants strained their ear,
And whispered low, "After burning so
In Hell these three hundred year,

"Shall our bonds be loosed and the flames
be quenched?

Is there hope that we yet go free?"
And with fluttering heart they listened in-
tent

To hear what the vote might be;
For some of the Elders would fain revise
The Creed that such doom compelled;
And others cried, "Mar not the old, fair
Faith,
The Doctrine our Fathers held."

So in trembling throng the dead Children
came,

Of high and of low degree:
Some born in shame, some born to thrones;
'Twas a wondrous sight to see;
For these Non-Elect Infants, every one,
Were branded with Adam's Fall,
Nor might come to Grace, but within that
place
Must suffer in endless thrall.

Some had died with the breath of their
Mother's kiss,
And some with the Martyrs crowned;
And none any Sin had wrought on earth;
But for Man's First Fault they were
bound.

Nor yet might they speak nor make defence,
But must suffer of Wrath the fruits;
For in God's great frown were they blasted
down,
As per Calvin's Institutes.

And so, when the joyful news was heard
Of the Church's kindly work,
They drew up a scroll, and they sealed it
fair

With the Seal of the Stated Clerk,
And the Moderator's Signet-Ring,
And the vote attested true;
"Two hundred and seventy voting 'Aye,'
Of two hundred and seventy-two."

And the Angels that sit at Jehovah's left,
And the Angels upon His right,
Examined the Scroll by the Flaming Torch
Of Heaven's eternal light:

And they said, "Strange things have these
Infants spake;

Yet the vote is attested true;
Two hundred and seventy voting 'Aye,'
Of two hundred and seventy-two."

So naught remained but to loose their
bonds;

And their shackles they tore away;
And the Children came from the depths of
Hell

To the light of Eternal Day;
And then, as was meet, by a Baby's voice
They have spake to the Stated Clerk,
Conveying the Infants' childish thanks
For the General Assembly's work.

Forgot is the anguish, the hopeless woe,
Forgot are the scalding tears
That have blistered the blazing stones of
Hell

For lo! these hundred years.
For the little Children come romping forth,
As from out of Hell they rise,
And are gone to play in the flowery fields
Of their new-found Paradise.

All Honor be theirs forevermore,
Extolled be their goodly names,
That voted these Children's spirits free
From the everlasting flames:
Forever be honored the blessed day,
Marked and remembered well,
When the Unregenerate Infant Dead
Were loosed from the Gates of Hell.

—McCready Sykes, in New York Life.

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from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod
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ON SUSPICION.

The following incident is reported as hav-
ing occurred in a Midland revision court.
A certain person who figured on the register
was objected to by one of the agents on the
ground that he was dead. The revising
barrister declined to accept the assurance,
however, and demanded conclusive testimony
on the point.

Thereupon, the agent of the other side rose
and gave corroborative evidence as to the
decease of the gentleman in question.

"And pray, sir, how do you know the
man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know.
It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the irate bar-
rister. "You don't know whether he's dead
or not."

The barrister glanced triumphantly round
the court. His expression gradually under-
went a change as the witness coolly con-
tinued:

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know
whether he is dead or not, but I do know
this: they buried him about a month ago on
suspicion."

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CRAWFORD'S

We are well in the Second Week of Our Great Mid-Summer Sale, and we give the assurance that for Varieties of Goods and for Lower Prices the coming will beat all the preceding days. Our Scalping Knife is almost worn to the hilt!!

Skirts, Suits, Waists and Fancy Costumes.

Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Dress Skirts, corded bounce, trimmed with 5 rows of Juby trimming, unlined, were \$10.98—now.....\$6.50

A grand clear-out of Ladies' Sew Tailor Made Suits, blue, castor, tan, red, gray, black and oxford, all the very latest styles, were \$18.50 to \$25.00—now.....\$9.75

125 dozen stripe and color Chambray, Gingham and Madras Waists, were \$1.25 to \$1.98—now.....45c

Linen Crash Tailor Made Dress Skirts, ruffle trimmed with 2 rows of insertion, were \$2.75—now.....\$1.98

Box Pleated Taffeta Silk Coffee Coats, were \$10.50—now.....\$5.98

All our fine Satin Foulard Costumes must go. Note the following prices:

Now \$17.50.....	Were \$32.50
Now \$22.50.....	Were \$35.00
Now \$27.50.....	Were \$47.50
Now \$35.00.....	Were \$57.50

Ladies', Children's and Infants' Knit Underwear.

These Goods Are Selling Fast. Big Reductions.

Ladies Jersey Ribbed Fine Gauge Cotton Vests, low neck, silk trimmed; also, high neck, long and short sleeves, were 35c and 25c—now.....15c and 12½c

Children's Jersey Ribbed Vest, low neck, no sleeves, were 12½c—now.....7½c

Infants' Jersey Ribbed Summer Wool Shirts, low neck and high neck, long sleeve, buttons down the front, were 35c—now.....25c

Children's Nazareth Jersey Ribbed Waists, white and ecru, all sizes, were 20c—now, each.....10c

Embroidery Special.

Only 150 left out of 1,000 beautiful imported Shirt Waist Patterns, original value \$3.50 to \$5.00 each. Choice of what's left, \$1.19 each.

Lawns Dimities and Swiss Almost Given Away.

450 pieces fine Sheer Lawn, white ground with Dresden figures and stripes, all perfectly fast colors, were 15c; Sale Price.....5c

Corded English Cambric Batiste, very fine quality in colored ground, were 15c; Sale Price.....5c

Dotted Swiss on white ground with fancy stripe, regular 15c quality; now, Sale Price.....6¼c

Imported Dotted Swiss on colored ground with white and black dots, were 45c; Sale Price.....25c

REMNANTS of figured Pique that were 50c, REMNANTS of Silk finish figured and stripe Pongee, were 39c,

REMNANTS of Louisine Cords, were 35c, All to be found on Table in Dress Goods Aisle

AT 10c

Another Gigantic Shoe Purchase

All roads lead to Rome. All shoe manufacturers who want the SPOT CASH for their surplus product come to Crawford's.

This time THE UNION SHOE CO., of Chillicothe, Ohio, with 1,200 pairs of Ladies' Oxford Ties, in patent leather, patent kid and vici kid, hand sewed welts, with broad extension rope stitched edges and dainty light hand turns. Shoes worth \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. Had to have the money. We bought every pair they had in the house at our spot cash price—50c on the dollar. For quick selling we divide them in two lots, all sizes—

\$1.49 \$1.98

Window Screens and Doors.

The Shankey Sliding Screen works like a sash—don't have to be removed to close the shutters and sash—all sizes, 28 inches to 44 high, 21 inches to 44 wide—prices from 40c up 35 dozen walnut finish Doors, choice of any size, worth 85c—cut to, each.....49c
22 dozen fancy oak finish Doors, worth \$1.25, cut to, each.....89c
65 dozen Extension Screens, worth 35c—cut to each.....25c

Ladies', Children's and Infants' Hosiery.

Tremendous Reductions.

Ladies' Fast Black Drop Stitch Cotton Hose and plain black unbleached feet, were 12½c—now.....8½c

Ladies' imported fine gauge Cotton Hose, black and fancy; also, black lace lisle thread, were 35c—now.....19c

Children's imported Lace Lisle Thread Hose, white and black, sizes a little broken, were 50c—now.....25c

Infants' Mercerized Lace Hose, silk finish, white only, were 35c—now.....19c

Reductions in Summer Corsets.

P. D. and C. P. Silk Batistes in long and medium waists, slightly soiled, made in white, blue and lavender, were \$3.00 to \$5.00; now.....\$1.98

Broken assortments of light weight Batiste Corsets, in all makes, \$2.00 Corsets for.....\$1.35

A full assortment of hot weather Corsets, in long medium and short waists, also tape girdles, 75c values for.....49c

We have a few dozen of our justly celebrated La Vida Corsets which are slightly soiled through fitting, and having been used in window displays. These we offer at about half-price.

WASH GOODS.

Now 4c—800 yards Shirting Prints, in white grounds, with small colored and black figures and stripes, were 6¼c per yard.

Now 7½c—300 pieces 30 inches wide Titania Batiste Cords, in a good line of styles, all dark colors, extra fine, were 15c per yard.

Now 10c—200 pieces, one yard wide, French Percale, in stripes and figures, full line of good, fast colorings, suitable for men's shirts and ladies' shirt-waists and dresses, were 20c per yard.

Now 20c—1,000 yards 32 inches wide Imported Madras, in 100 different styles and colorings, all fast colors, extra good bargain, were 25c, 29c and 30c per yard.

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" Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am	10:55 am
" Cleveland	10:20 pm	1:40 am	2:30 pm	2:55 pm
" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am	7:25 am	7:25 pm
" New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	7:50 am	7:50 am
" Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm	10:10 am	10:10 am

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